THE

Unnatural Brother:

& A Cooper

TRAGEDY.

As it was Acted by

His MAJESTY's Servants,

AT THE

THEATRE in *Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

by Ed Filmer

LONDON,
Printed by *J. Orme*, for *Richard Wilkin*, at the *Kings-Head* in St. *Paul's*-Church-Yard. MDCXCVII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

There are lately publiſhed, *Ibrahim* the XIII. Emperor of the *Turks*, A Tragedy, and the *Spaniſh Wives a Farce*: Both Written by Mrs. *Mary Pix.*

The Younger Brother, Or Amorous Jilt: Written by Mrs. *A. Behn.* Printed and Sold by *Richard Wellington.*

THE PREFACE.

NOT many daies after the very cold reception which this Play met with on the Stage, as I was walking up and down my Chamber ſomething diſcontented, tho not much mortified neither, at the unkindneſs of the Town, I happened to caſt my eye on a Book which lay in a Window, and that proving to be the firſt Volume of Mr. Drydens *Plays, I opened it, by meer chance, juſt on a Prologue of his which begins thus,*

Self love (which never rightly underſtood)
Makes Poets ſtill conclude their Plays are good:
And malice in all Criticks runs ſo high,
That for ſmall Errors they whole Plays decry;
So that to ſee this Fondneſs, and that Spite,
You'd think that none but Mad-men Judge or Write.

I was both ſurpriſed and pleaſed with that Chance which had ſo thrown me on thoſe Verſes. For whereas before, I had for ſome time tortured my Brain, to find out thoſe many imperfections which probably might have occaſioned the ill ſucceſs of this Play, I then began to lay aſide ſome part of that care, and to think that the Malice and ill Nature of the Critick, in catching at every little ſlip, and improving of every inconſiderable fault, might perhaps have an equal hand in that misfortune, with the weakneſs or fondneſs of the Poet.

I had no other way to clear this point, and find out the truth of the matter, but to employ all the Friends and Acquaintance I had about the Town, to inquire into thoſe objections which were generally made againſt this Play. They did it: and, as I have very good reaſon to believe, gave me a faithful account of all. And yet all, at laſt, came to no more than this: That the Play was too grave for the Age, That I had made choice of too few Perſons, and that the Stage was never filled; there ſeldom appearing above two at a time, and never above three, till the end and winding up of the whole.

These are the mighty faults that have so intirely Damned this Play: and yet if these must be thought faults now in our nicer Age, I am sure they were not thought such heretofore by the Antients; for they generally made use of but few Persons, and never made it any part of their business to fill the Stage. Nay, we all know that Horace *lays it down as a Rule.*

——Nec quarta loqui persona laboret.

Nor were these thought faults by our more modern Criticks, about Fifteen or twenty years ago, when that excellent Play of the Orphan *first appeared on the Stage. For that, tho liable to all the very same exceptions which hitherto have been made against this, yet was received with all the applause imaginable. I must confess, foreseeing part of what has since happened, and meerly to gratifie the Rabble, after I had finished this Play, I added a Comical part to it. Wherein, so there were but a smart kind of a hurry and confusion, with a Song or two at the end*

——His nam plebecula gaudet.

I thought it would have passed well enough. But the Comedy being altogether independent from the Tragedy, and the whole appearing something too long the first time it was acted, I easily consented to have it all left out, and so threw my self wholly on the Men of sense for my Judges.

Verum Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis, ad incertos oculos & gaudia vana.

For, to my cost, I find that even our men of Sense, have been so long entertained with the gaudy, glaring splendor of our Operas, that nothing now can please their eyes, but what dazels 'em: And that their ears have, of late, been so well belabour'd with Drums, Kettle-Drums, Trumpets, and Hautboys, that they are almost become deaf to Sense, or any thing else, convey'd to 'em in a less Noise, than those their darling Consorts generally are. But no more of this —— which may seem a little tart, and to savour strangely of the vanity of a discontented Poet, who will be sure to find out any other reason for the miscarriage of his Play, than that which was perhaps the only true one, I mean the badness of it.

But I had almost forgot to acquaint the Reader with one objection more, against this Play, than what I have yet mentioned. On the third day, there was a certain Lady in one of the Boxes, who thought she could not more effectually decry it, than by declaring aloud that it was nothing but an old Story taken out of Cassandra. *And I readily grant it: yet can by no means*

means allow that to be a fault. Mr. Dryden *has said too much in the defence of such an innocent piece of theft, and extremely well justified the thing, both by his Arguments, and Practice. All I desire of that Lady, by way of amends, is, that if ever these Papers have the happiness to reach her hands, she would be pleased to renew her acquaintance with the story of* Alcinoe *in that Romance, and compare it with this Play: And then I dare be bold to affirm, she will not think me over-much beholding to it: But may perhaps be so charitable, as to entertain a more favourable opinion both of the Play, and of the Poet.*

I have but one word more to the Reader, and then I shall leave him to the Play, either to read it, or let it alone, which he pleases: And that is, that he would not charge me with any Errors of the Press. The Bookseller in my absence, has undertaken the care of inspecting it, and therefore he only ought to be accountable for all such faults.

EDW. FILMER.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

BLeſs'd were thoſe happy daies, if ever any,
When Poets ſlow'd with Wit, and you with Money.
But now, both Wit and Money run ſo low,
They're at the pooreſt Ebb they e're can know,
This Clipt, that dwindled into Farce and Show.
As for our Coin, the Wiſdom of the State,
May ſtop our ruine and prevent our Fate;
What will not paſs by Tale, may paſs by Weight.
But who can our corrupted Wit reſtore,
And make that Currant as it was before?
O! could we but with equal Balance ſit,
And by the niceſt ſcruples weigh out Wit,
How many pieces good, and fair to ſight,
Would yet be found by many Grains too light?
In this great dearth of Wit, our Poet here
Preſumes to treat you with his Country fare.
Not that he thinks it better than your own,
Or what you daily meet with in this Town:
No, tho a Poet, he is not ſo vain;
You are to judge, he but to entertain.
Freedom of Cenſure he to all allows,
And with ſubmiſſion to your Judgment bows.
He only hopes you will be pleas'd t' excuſe,
Small faults in a raw unexperienc'd Muſe,
Which trembling comes, full of ſad frights and fears,
And almoſt naked on the Stage appears,
No Paint, no Patches, to adorn her brow,
That is.
No thundering Conſort, nor no glareing ſhow;
Thoſe pretty knacks, ſo much of late in uſe,
To varniſh, and ſet off a homely Muſe.
Good, eaſie ſenſe, our Poet bad me ſay,
Is all that he has aim'd at in this Play;
Well too, he thinks, if he that mark has hit,
Since the beſt Senſe, is ever the beſt Wit.

EPE-

EPILOGUE.

THE Poet, with the Soldier ſhares this fate,
Courting your favour, he incurrs your hate.
Tho one does for your daily pleaſure write,
The other, for your darling int'reſt fight,
Yet equally unkind, you both do ſlight
The Man of War forſooth's too rough, unfit
For civil Company; The Man of Wit,
A meer pretending Fop, a ſcribling Tool,
Made up of Madman half, and half, of Fool.
What is it then, that thus in ev'ry age,
Draws one to th ſield, the other to the Stage?
No hope of Fame or Profit ſure, for they
In this too like, their harder Stars obey,
Both drudge for little Honour, and leſs Pay.
What e're it is provokes 'em, yet we ſee,
Each fondly courts his unkind deſtiny;
For as the gen'rous Warriour, void of fear,
Preſſes on danger ſtill as it draws near,
And tho he ſees thouſands before him fall,
Yet briskly ventures on, and flings at all:
The Poet ſo, tho daily on the Stage,
He ſees the dire effects o'th' Criticks rage,
Yet fearleſs dares thoſe doughty foes engage.
And one's no ſooner fairly down, but ſtrait
Up perks another, careleſs of his fate.
As for the Poet of this preſent night,
Who ſpite of all diſcouragement dares write,
He neither fears nor does the danger ſlight.
If you reſolve to kill, he ſays you may,
He only begs a very ſhort delay,
Come all again, and maul him,——the third day:

PER-

The Perſons repreſented,

M E N.

Beaufort	Governour of *Lyons*.
Grammount	Nephew to the Governour.
Dampierre	Brother to *Grammount*.
Montigny	Friend to *Grammount*.

W O M E N.

Elvira	Wife to *Grammount*.
Leonora	Siſter to *Grammount*.
Lyſette	Woman to *Elvira*.

A Page and other Attendants.

The Scene is a Caſtle about a League diſtance from Lyons *in* France.

ACT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Beaufort *and* Dampierre.

Beau. NO more; thou haſt wrought a ſecret from my Breaſt,
Which may in time prove fatal to us both.
For now, methinks, I do begin to hate
Thee, *Dampierre*, as the only Man on Earth
Who has it in his power to check, and blaſt
Thoſe Glories, now in my declining years,
Which I ſo juſtly purchaſt in my Youth!

Damp. The languiſhing ſick Man, without reſerve,
Freely lays open his Infirmities,
To his Phyſicians ſkill in hopes of Cure:
The hearty Penitent, then only meets
With true and real comfort, when he dares
Unload his o'ercharged Conſcience, and expoſe
His niceſt Scruples, to the pious care
Of ſome grave Ghoſtly Father.

Beauf. Ah *Dampierre*!
Could I with the good Penitent Confeſs,
And at the ſame time quit the darling Sin;
Or with the afflicted Patient hope for eaſe
Of all my pains, by telling my Diſeaſe,
I then were truly happy. But alaſs!
Elvira's not ſo fair, as ſhe is good:
The ſhining luſtre of her vertuous mind,
By far ſurpaſſes that of her bright Eyes.
Thoſe Eyes, which yet dart beams reſiſtleſs
As the Sun in his full Noon-tide Glory,
Beams, which ſtrike me blind to vertue, honour,
And indeed to all things elſe but love. Oh——

Damp. Reflect not ſo ſeverely on your faults,
I do beſeech you, Sir, but as a man,
Allow ſome grains for humane frailty.

Beauf. Have I, in my great Maſters ſervice ſpent
Full Forty years, and won renown enough
To glut the moſt ambitious Hero's hopes?
Have I paſs'd o'er the boyling heats of youth
With an untainted reputation?
And ſhall I now, now in my riper years,
Stain all the glories of my former life?
No, *Dampierre*, no, it cannot, muſt not be.
Damp. Do you in earneſt love *Elvira*, Sir?
Beauf. Love her! does the devout Recluſe that has
Renounced this world aſpire to Heaven?
Does the Ambitious Hero covet Fame?
Or the old Miſer doat on hoarded Gold?
Love her! By Heaven, I ne'r lov'd glory
Half ſo well, nor ſo much dreaded the ſucceſs
Of doubtful War, as now I do of Love.
Fearleſs, I have a thouſand times outbrav'd
The greateſt dangers, and outfac'd grim Death
In the moſt ugly ſhape that War could ſhew it;
Yet now want courage to encounter
Her fair Eyes, and like an arrant Coward,
Tremble and quake at her approach for fear.
Damp. For fear of what, Sir, of a Woman?
Elvira is no more, no more than a
Meer Woman; an imperfect piece of Man,
Made only for his Pleaſure.
Beauf. Hah! by Heaven
She's Natures Maſter-piece, ſhe's all Divine,
Fair as an Angel, Virtuous as a Saint.
But why, alas! do I ſo much as name
Her hated Vertue: Would ſhe were a VVhore,
A Common Proſtitute, ſince ſhe is Married:
Or rather ſince ſhe is Married to *Grammount*,
O! let me wiſh her Dead, laid in the Grave,
And hoarded up like ſome old miſers VVealth,
In the dark intrails of the happy Earth,
VVhere none the mighty Treaſure could enjoy,
Since I cannot.
Damp. Nay, now, Sir, I could chide.
VViſh not *Elvira* Dead, but think her ſtill

Amongſt the living wonders of the Age,
The faireſt much of her bewitching Sex.
VVho, tho ſhe may have charms enough to kill,
Yet may too entertain ſome ſoft deſires,
To cure the wounds her fatal Beauty gives:
And therefore, Sir, you ought at leaſt to hope.
Beauf. It is to innocent deſires alone,
That hope dares ſhew a comfortable end;
But mine are guilty all: How then can hope
Pretend to flatter him, who were he bleſt
In all the joys ſucceſsful Love can give
Muſt yet be wretched, miſerable ſtill,
Torn with the pains of a too late remorſe,
Sharper than thoſe of diſappointed love.
Damp. Theſe, Sir, are odd phantaſtick notions
Of a working brain, fitter for Schools
Than for a Lovers care, whoſe Miſtriſs is his all.
He who dares rifle the induſtrious Bee,
Snatches the Honey careleſs of the Sting:
And he who briskly plucks the bluſhing Roſe,
Laughs at thoſe Thorns that would revenge the Rape.
Beauf. How powerful do thy arguments appear,
To a mind wholly prepoſſeſſed with love!
Thou art a Maſter, ſure, in that ſoft art,
And may'ſt aſſiſt me: I alas! am rough,
Grown old in Camps, my Tongue unapt for talk;
And unaccuſtom'd to thoſe ſofter terms,
Which Charm that fair, that dear believing Sex.
Damp. Let me but know what you would have me do,
And think it done: think your ſelf happy, Sir,
If in my power it be to make you ſo.
Beauf. Thou then ſhalt break the Ice, prepare the way.
Thou haſt a tongue, nimble and fluent
As the well feed Lawyers, ſoft and ſmooth
As the old crafty Courtiers, who denies
Your ſute, yet would perſwade you he is ſtill
Your friend. Speak, wilt thou do it?
Damp. Sir, I will.
Beauf. But art thou ſure thou wilt?
Damp. Moſt certain, Sir.

Beauf. Haſt thou conſider'd well? *Damp.* Yes, I have.
Beauf. Perhaps already thou forget'ſt
Who 'tis I love.
Damp. No, it is *Elvira*, is it not?
Beauf. It is indeed *Elvira*, but then ſure
There ſhould be more of that Dear Name than one:
Hah! What ſayſt thou?
Damp. Not that I know of, Sir,
'Tis *Grammount's* Wife I mean.
Beauf. Thou ſhould'ſt have ſaid
Thy Brothers, thy Brothers Wife, on whom
Thy Uncle, the unhappy *Beaufort* doats.
Damp. I ſhould indeed, nor did I wave that word,
For any ſuch great kindneſs it imports,
As might o'erthrow the reſolution
I have made to ſerve you, Sir: no, were ſhe mine,
This fair *Elvira* mine, as ſhe is now
Grammont's; I'd not retract one ſyllable
Of what I have ſaid, but freely ſacrifice
My Life, my Honour, all in ſhort, that's dear
To your repoſe.
Beauf. Come, come to my Arms then,
Let me embrace and hug thee, *Dampierre*.
By Heaven thou art —— a moſt illuſtrious
Villain, a rank Pander. Oh *Grammount*
How deeply would thy Brothers baſeneſs wound
Thy generous Soul, could'ſt thou but gueſs
His foul intent. But thou art good, ſo true
To Virtue and to Honour, thou can'ſt ne'er
Think on a crime ſo Black, as this baſe wretch
Dares act; this miſerable wretch, who at
One fatal blow, would ſtrike a Dagger
To his Brothers Heart, damn both himſelf and me,
And plunge us all into a horrid gulf
Of everlaſting miſery.
Damp. If my too forward zeal be an offence,
Puniſh my giddy raſhneſs as you pleaſe:
Yet do it, Sir, ſomething a gentler way.
Charge me not with ſuch black and horrid crimes,
As Heaven knows my very Soul deteſts.
Or rather take my hated Life, ſee here, My

My naked breaſt ready to meet the blow,
My Tongue prepar'd to bleſs the hand that ſtrikes.
Beauf. I ſcorn to ſtain my Sword with ſuch baſe blood,
Live, and repent thy raſhneſs if thou can'ſt,
If not, reſolve never to ſee my face agen. *Ex. Beauf.*
Damp. Not ſee your face agen, but on the terms
Of penitence, my noble Uncle. Yes,
Yes, but I ſhall, or I am much deceived.
This qualm of Conſcience, is in him no more,
Than a meer aguiſh fit; the cold one gone,
A hot one then will certainly ſucceed.
O all you black and diſmal fiends of Hell,
Who take delight in miſchiefs baneful ſport,
Feed ſtill, and blow up his inceſtuous flame
To a reſiſtleſs highth; then from his paſſion,
Ill conceal'd, as from a flowing ſpring
Let daily doubts, fears, jealouſies, heart-burnings
And eternal jarrs, ariſe within theſe walls:
Let *Beaufort* hate *Grammount*, *Grammount Elvira*,
And *Elvira* both, whilſt *Dampierre* hates 'em all,
And juſtly too.
I was the firſt pretender to *Elvira*,
But by the faithleſs *Grammount* under-min'd,
All my beſt hopes ſoon vaniſht into air,
And I beheld her circled in his Arms.
Nor durſt I then think of revenge on him
That did the wrong, he was but too ſecure,
Supported by a partial Uncle's power,
And by *Elvira*'s Friends. But now I know
That *Beaufort* doats on her, from this dear day
I date my hopes of a ſevere revenge.
But ſee, *Grammount* appears in cloſe diſcourſe
With his inſeparable friend *Montigny*:
My mind at preſent's ſtrangely ruffled,
Therefore I'll withdraw, ere they perceive me. *Ex. Damp.*

Enter Grammount *and* Montigny.

Gram. Bleſt in the ſofteſt Paſſion of my Soul,
Poſſeſſing, in my dear *Elvira*, all
The world calls Vertuous, or my eyes think fair;
How can I, friend, without a bluſh complain,
Or murmur midſt ſuch vaſt, ſuch charming joys, As

As taſted once, would make an Anchoret
Forget his way to Heaven, and think to find
It here below.

Mont. Forbear, my deareſt friend,
Take heed, ſhould'ſt thou be raſh enough to pine,
Whileſt with a liberal hand, kind Heaven
Pours all it's choiceſt bleſſings on thy Head,
Such black ingratitude, no doubt, would be
Severely puniſht by ſome ſignal judgment
From above.

Gram. Unkind, cruel *Montigny*,
Thou know'ſt, at each ſad thought of loſing thee,
Tho circled in my dear *Elvira's* Arms,
I feel ſuch ſtrange diſtructing pangs of grief,
As nought but the moſt perfect friendſhip
Can excuſe; ſo vaſt, ſo ſenſible a pain,
As wounds my very Soul, and damps and ſoures
The ſweeteſt joys of a poſſeſſing Lover.

Mont. Thou beſt of Men, and deareſt too of Friends,
Let me embrace, and hug, and preſs thee thus,
Near to that heart which owns no other bands,
But thoſe of everlaſting friendſhip for
The generous *Grammount*: Heaven knows with what
Regret I leave thee, Friend; yet muſt we part.

Gram. O ſay not ſo, each word's a mortal wound,
Each ſyllable a Dagger to my heart.
Rather recall the haſty ſentence, and
Repenting thy unkindneſs, give me Life,
And what I value more, my Friend.

Mont. O my *Grammount*, forbear; thy kindneſs elſe
Will be the ruin of thy friend; do not,
Oh do not force me to repeat,
What equally afflicts my Soul as thine,
It muſt be ſo.

Gram. It muſt not, by all that's good,
Thou art no more that Friend I took thee for,
If thou canſt thus forſake me, leave me thus,
And not give one poor ſhadow of a reaſon
For ſo ſevere a ſeparation.

Mont. Honor, my Friend, 'tis honour calls me hence:
Honour, that Idol to which all muſt bow. *Gram.*

Gram. Honour! whither can Honour call thee friend,
That *Grammount* would not go to ſhare the Prize?
Mont. Whileſt I lie here, ſupinely ſurfeiting
On all the joys of ſoft bewitching eaſe;
My aged Sire, laden with years and fame,
Plays the young man, and makes the *Spaniards* feel
The ſmart of Wounds, I only ſhould have given.
Thither I go, thither I fly, my Friend,
To court fair Honour in the midſt of Blood,
Horror and dire Confuſion.
Gram. Thoſe Frontier bickerings call not for thee,
Montigny, there's little honor to be gain'd:
But if thou art reſolv'd to go, refuſe not
Th' aſſiſtance of my Sword, oh let me ſhare
The Toyl, and Glory, with my deareſt Friend.
Mont. Thou muſt no more think on the Wars, *Grammount*,
But from the Genial bed, reaping the ſweet
Reward of all thy glorious labours paſt,
Raiſe up a race of Hero's, whoſe bright fame,
For early vertues, may ſoon equal thine.
Gram. Since honours ſtricteſt Laws muſt yield to Love,
Let Beauty then prevail, tho friendſhip cannot.
I have a Siſter, by the world thought fair,
Virtuous and young ſhe is: her Fortune's ſuch
As may at leaſt equal the largeſt hopes
Of the moſt Noble Youths our Age can ſhew:
If thou canſt learn to Love my Friend, ſhe's thine
Mont. How Prodigal! how Laviſh my *Gram.*
Thy Friendſhip makes thee, with a careleſs hand
Thou ſcatter'ſt Treaſures ſhou'd be the Reward
Of a vaſt merit only: or the price
Of many great and glorious Services.
Gram. Nay now thou trifleſt——
Mont. By Heaven I do not:
Tho yet my heart a ſtranger be to Love,
Yet 'tis with admiration I behold
The rare perfections of that beauteous Maid,
But I muſt ſtudy to deſerve her, friend.
Happy, if after all the nobleſt toiles
I may aſpire to ſuch a recompence,
And with thy leave, my generous *Grammount*,

Lay all the Trophies of ſucceſsfull War
At the fair Charming *Leonora*'s Feet.
Gram. Away preach to rough Seamen in a Storm,
Or whiſper to the boiſterous Winds when in
Their lowdeſt fury, and they ſhall ſooner
Hearken to thy tale than I: But ſee,
My dear *Elvira* coming to my aid,
And *Leonora* too; thou canſt not ſure
Hope to maintain thy ground againſt us all.
Enter Elvira *and* Leonora.
Elv. From thoſe dark Clouds which in thy Face appear,
My boading heart foretells a riſing Storm
Of grief within thy Breaſt, ſpeak, my *Grammount*,
what ruder cares, to thy *Elvira* yet
Unknown, ſit heavy on thy drooping Soul?
Gram. Thou beſt of Women, pard'n the guilty cauſe
Of this diſorder in my troubled mind.
Elv. Oh name not pardon, but quickly let me ſhare,
And bear an equal part of all thy care.
Gram. Haſt thou not ſeen ſome men, extremely Rich,
Tell me *Elvira*, 'mongſt their deareſt ſtore
Of Gold, and Silver, Jewels, and other things
Of higheſt value, lock ſecurely up
Some pretty, favourite toy:
Who when returning to review their wealth,
And miſſing only that, yet could not bear
The petty loſs, tho all the reſt were ſafe?
The caſe, my dear *Elvira*, is my own,
Thou art the deareſt treaſure of my Soul,
Thou art———
Elv. Forbear, *Grammount*, I gueſs the reſt,
Tho not ſo much from what thou now haſt ſaid,
As from *Montigny*'s ſilence, and thy grief.
Each ſeems a like concern'd, each dreads the loſs
Of a dear friend; yet, you *Montigny*, will,
Nay muſt be gone.
Gram. Muſt, oh no, alaſs!
He will be gone, uncall'd, unask'd, unſent for,
He will forſake his friend. Oh *Elvira*,
Oh *Leonora*, yet try all you can,

Your

Your ſofteſt Arts, to move this cruel Man.
Elv. What may be done let us reſolve to do,
I for a Husband plead, a Brother you.
Leon. Sure friendſhips cauſe, argued before a friend,
Cannot but meet with a ſucceſsfull end.
Mont. Such powerful advocates who can withſtand?
Honour! thou ſtrange fantaſtick airy thing,
Thou loſing bargain to the braveſt Souls,
Thou eaſie purchaſe, coſtly to maintain,
Thou cloke to bold ambition's reſtleſs hopes;
No more, to thy capricious humours will
I blindly bow, nor court thee as a ſlave.
The preſent time to friendſhip I will give,
And what that ſpares, ſhall be intirely thine;
Still all that man in reaſon ought, I'll do
To ſatisfie my Friend and Honour too.
Elv. See my *Grammount*, the cruel man repents,
Friendſhip has wrought its much deſir'd effect,
And fixt the Rover here.
Leon. What would you more?
He yields and gives you the glory of the day;
Mont. Half vanquiſht by my friend, I durſt not ſt and
The ſhock of ſo much Beauty as you brought
To Storm the Fort: Honour it ſelf durſt not
Pretend to hold it out againſt ſuch odds.
Can you, my Friend, pardon a proud Rebell
Now imploring Grace?
Gram. Talk not of Pardon, my Friend,
Give me thy Hand, *Elvira*, *Montigny* thine.
Thus guarded, I dare challenge all the World,
To ſhow but one Man more, as happy, as
My ſelf. Methinks mankind ſhould envy me,
Thus bleſt in a laſting full fruition
Of all thoſe glorious Charms, the ſweeteſt love,
Or trueſt, deareſt friendſhip can afford.
Henceforth, be every day, within theſe Walls,
By all, kept as a ſolemn Feſtival,
Sacred to Love and Friendſhip: and to me,
May both, as now, ever propitious be.

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Dampierre *pulling in* Lyſette.

Damp NAy prethee why ſo refractory?
Lyſet. I am in haſte, or if I were not,
What buſineſs pray can you have with me?
You, who have ſcarce vouchſafed
One look this way, this long, long
Day or two.
Damp. Buſineſs of importance Child,
And ſuch as in the end might prove
To thy advantage if diſcreetly manag'd.
But ———
Lyſet. But what, nay pray out with it.
Damp. Why, thou art a very fooliſh ignorant
Young Wench, that ever ſtand'ſt in thy
Own light.
Lyſet. Your wiſdom's much miſtaken in my
Character, I dare aſſure you Sir,
For I am neither ſo ſilly, nor ſo igonrant,
I thank my kinder Stars, but that I very
Well underſtand the poſt I am in, with all
The by-advantages, that may be made by
One of my profeſſion that has wit.
Damp. Wit! prethee of what uſe is Wit in your
Commonwealth, hah!
Lyſet Oh, Sir, believe me, that Waiting-woman
That wants it, is the greateſt ſlave in
Nature. Whereas we that have it, rather
Command than ſerve, and in a very little
Time become real Miſtreſſes, whilſt
They, poor Ladies, only enjoy the empty,
Uſeleſs Title.
Damp. Good!

Lyſet. For by our witty, ſly, and ſubtle inſinuations,
We at length become ſo abſolutely neceſſary to 'em,
That they live not but in us;
They ſee with our Eyes, here with our ears,
And judge not of any thing but by our wiſe
Directions.

Damp. Admirable!

Lyſet. So that if love once fires their tender Hearts,
'Tis we that either fan the growing flames,
Or elſe ſuppreſs them quite.
Wiſely, we manage their inclinations
To our beſt advantage: and ſuffer 'em to love,
But when, and where, as little, or as much,
As we think fit.

Damp. Incomparable!

Lyſet. In ſhort, Sir,
It is by our all powerful intereſt,
That the ugly, and the awkwerd fool, if liberal,
Succeeds in his Amours: Whilſt the gay,
Well bred, handſom wit, too oft miſcarries
By his unſeaſonable thrift.
'Tis we indeed, do all, gain us, and they are yours;
Proportion but your gifts, to your deſires,
And you can never fail: Since to confeſs
The very truth, 'tis we that ſet to ſale,
Their favours, and good graces of all ſorts
And ſizes, even from a ſimple, ſingle ſmile,
To full fruition, Sir.

Damp Hold, hold, enough: the world cannot produce
Thy equal, here, here's Gold for thee.

Lyſet. For me, Sir, and why, I pray?

Damp. No matter Child, here's yet more take it,
And deſerve it, Girl.

Lyſet. Let me but know which way,
And much may be done.

Damp. Why, watch *Elvira* narrowly, let not
One look, one ſmile eſcape thy diligence,
Never be from her, but be a conſtant Spy
On all her actions.

Lyſet. I'le do't:

And yet, I doubt, I ſhall but loſe
My labour, and you your mony,
At leaſt, if you expect any thing
Extraordinary from my obſervations.
Damp. No matter, I'le venter my money.
Leyſt. And I my pains: tho I am confident
You will be ſtrangely diſappointed,
When from an exact Diary of all her
Actions, you will only find, that of
Sixteen long hours, ſhe dayly ſpends,
At leaſt twelve in Prayer, or fulſom
Dalliance with her own lawful Husband.
And ſo I am your Humble Servant, Sir. *Ex Lyſet.*
Damp. Go on, and proſper Girl:
For if I catch *Elvira* tripping,
Or can but find the leaſt appearance of a ſlip,
I'le quickly make a Mountain of a Molehill.
Then to *Grammount* I'le go, and tell him all,
Yet ſeem to leave much more behind untold:
So make him beg to know, what known ſhall pinch
And gall him to the quick. They love too well
For Man and Wife, and what's yet worſe,
So good an underſtanding between them,
Sutes not with mine, nor with my Uncles purpoſes.
But he returns not, as I thought he would,
And to find out the reaſon, much perplexes me.
But ſee, where he comes, all melancholy,
Sad and penſive, almoſt loſt in his own
Wild diſtracting thoughts. The Devil now works
Hard, and I'le not be his hindrance: But wait,
Then take my time to lend a helping hand,
In this our common Buſineſs. *He retires to a corner of the Stage.*

Enter Beaufort.

Beauf. How poor,
And how contemptible a thing is man,
Made but more wretched, by thoſe very ſame
Diſtinctive faculties of the Soul,
Which yet ſeem to ſooth, and flatter him,
With an imaginary Excellence,
Above the reſt of the Creation.

Damp.

Damp. Good !
Beauf. Reaſon, what art thou, but the very ſource,
And ſpring, from whence flow all our miſeries ?
Thou art that glimm'ring light, by which alone,
We can diſcern thoſe crimes, which otherwiſe,
We n'er had underſtood ; at leaſt, as ſuch .
And ſo had known no guilt.
Damp. Better and better !
Beauf. Our phlegmatick dull Prieſts, have all miſtook
Their errand ſure, and groſly hitherto
Impoſed upon the credulous world :
Whilſt with an erring Zeal, they've preach'd down Luſt,
Yet given a Paſs, to more pernicious Love.
For Luſt is, at the worſt, but a brisk,
Generous heat, and natural ferment
Of the blood, lay'd by the next dear Child
Of joy, that dares contribute to the cure.
But when the Devil tempts us to love one,
And only one : not all the Sex beſide,
Can quench the helliſh flame ;
But be ſhe Mother, Daughter, Aunt, or Niece,
How near ſoever tyed to us by Blood,
It matters not : She, ſhe alone can cure,
That gave the fatal wound.
Damp He's faſt enough, I am ſure, now I'le bolt.
If I dare venture to approach you, Sir,
It is with the ſame awful reverence,
As penitent ſinners do th' offended Gods :
With the ſame humble hopes too, that at length
Your mercy, o'r your juſtice, may prevail ;
Pard'ning thoſe crimes I have with tears bewayl'd,
And would have expiated with my blood,
Would you have ſuffer'd it.
Beauf. Ha ! *Dampierre*,
And in this humble poſture too, nay then,
No change, to me, can ever appear ſtrange :
Since in ſo very, very, ſmall a time,
Thou art turn'd Saint, and I a Devil.
Damp. Far be it, Sir, from me to aſſume
The Glorious title of a Saint, and yet,

A very little time, may uſher in
Strange alterations. Believe mine real then,
And make your vertue, as remarkable
In pard'ning, as in cenſuring, a crime
Committed but in thought, and hatched there
Only by too warm a zeal, for the great
Beauforts Service.

Beauf. Curſe on thy ill tim'd change,
Which only comes, unſeaſonably now,
To upbraid my weakneſs.
Pard'n thee! Yes, withall my heart I pard'n thee,
But on this one condition let it be,
That thou n'er talk to me of vertue more.

Damp. Alas, what mean you, Sir?

Beauf. Be wicked ſtill;
Be vitious, as thou ever wert,
Go boldly on, and ſtop at nothing.
Thy wanton fancy, repreſents as pleaſing
To thy ſenſes, but gratifie 'em all,
Even to a loath'd ſatiety.
Then come, and waving all uneaſie qualms,
Teach by experience the vaſt pleaſure
Of unbounded vice: gladly I'le hear thee,
And become thy wanton Proſelyte, my great,
My glorious Maſter.

Damp. Heaven protect you, Sir,
Now you talk ſtrangely; perhaps you doubt me,
And this way only hope to learn the truth:
For you, I know, are eminently good
And vertuous.

Beauf. Hah! that lie will damm thee
Paſt all hopes of mercy: I am nor good,
Nor vertuous, but, by much, more wicked,
Than an honeſt heart dares think. I rage,
I burn in an Unlawful, and Inceſtuous flame:
Alas! there's a perpetual tumult
In my diſtracted mind, nor can I fix
One wandering thought, but what ſtill leads me
To the very brink of Hell. Oh *Elvira* ———

Damp.

Damp. Forget her, Sir, I once dearly lov'd her,
Yet when I found ſhe could prefer,
My Brother's tardy paſſion before mine,
I quickly ſhook the lazy off, and
With an indiffernt eye, could ſafely gaze
On all thoſe Beauties I before adored.
Beauf. Forget her! no, too eaſily alas!
I can forget that ſhe is *Grammount*'s Wife,
Or *Beaufort*'s Niece, but that ſhe is fair,
That ſhe is charming, above all others
Of her Beauteous Sex, that, that, I never
Can forget.
Damp. If you muſt think on her,
Think then, at the ſame time, on her too rigid
Vertue, that eternal bar to all your
Guilty hopes.
Beauf. There is no bar to impetuous Love,
At leaſt, Vertue I'am ſure is but a weak one.
But why do I vainly talk of Vertue?
I am convinced, there's no ſuch thing on Earth.
No, all's but pretence, all's meer Hypocriſie.
Look *Dampierre*, round this vaſt Machine the World,
'Tis but a larger Theater, on which
Each skilful Actor, plays that part alone,
Which, for his profit, he can manage beſt.
Come then unmask: thou ſeeſt my naked heart,
To all the world beſide, be the reformed,
The good, the pious *Dampierre*, but to me,
Be what thou ever wert.
Damp. Hah! what's that, Sir?
Beauf. Nay perhaps I may not find a name for't,
That may pleaſe you: But to be plain, and ſhort,
Help me to the enjoyment of *Elvira*,
And I'll diſclaim *Grammount*, I'll cut off all
His fairer hopes, to make a way for thee,
My darling, to the poſſeſſion of my
Envied Wealth.

Damp. Miſled, by a too haſty Zeal,
I made an offer once, not all your wealth,
Nor even that of the whole world,
Can e're prevail with me to make again
That kindneſs then was ſlighted, ſcorn'd, repai'd
With cruel injuries, and a boiſterous
Storm of black reproaches.

Beauf. Upbraid me not
With what is paſt.

Damp. By what is paſt, I but
Too plainly ſee, the kind return my beſt
Endeavours, for your ſervice, in that kind,
Are ſure to meet with.

Beauf. By various and inſulting Paſſions agitated,
I felt unheard of torments in my mind,
My very Soul was, as it were, ſtretched on
The Rack, and all that ſtorm, was nought but the
Strong Convulſions of a dying Vertue.

Damp. Heaven forbid, the generous *Beaufort*
So much renowned for ſolid Vertue, ſhould
In a Storm of Paſſion, yet make ſhipwreck
Of it all: No, to the Wars, Sir, there——

Beauf. Talk not to me of War, too long already
I have toyl'd i'th' barren Fields of *Mars*,
Waſted my Youth and Vigor in rough Camps,
And bloody broils: Deaf to the Virgins Plaints,
The Widows Curſes, or the Orphans Cries,
For Lovers, Husbands, Parents, Butcher'd all
In hateful War. In ſhort, I loath that Trade
Of cutting throats, and am reſolv'd henceforth
To Love, and that *Elvira* too.

Damp. Oh, Sir, think what the cenſorious world
Will ſay.

Beauf. E'en let the world ſay what it will:
I care nòt, ſhe, I'm ſure, is a meer
Stranger to my blood. Come then, be once more
Kind, I know thou lov'ſt me, *Dampierre*,
I know thou do'ſt.

Dam. You may be well aſſured I do.

Beauf. O let me embrace, and hold thee in theſe Arms,
Till thou haſt granted all I can deſire.
Damp. Had you before been half thus kind?
Beauf. It is not now too late.
Damp. Fool that I am, to ſtand here, only to
Be tempted to my Ruin. Oh! why
Do I not rather fly, not from you only,
But, for your ſake, from all Mankind?
Beauf. Nay, now thou art too cruel: Come, thou muſt,
Thou ſhalt, thou wilt.
Damp. Alas! What would you have me do?
Beauf. Go to *Elvira*. *Damp.* Well, for once I will.
Beauf. Tell her—by Heav'n I know not what—tell her—
Yes—if ſhe delights in martial Stories,
Tell her the many glorious Deeds I've done
In War, the bloody Battles I have won,
The Towns I have taken: Tell her, in ſhort,
All that may make her hearken to the Name
Of *Beaufort* with Delight.
Then, in a gentle Sigh, tell her I die
For Love, and if, after all that, thou dareſt
Proceed yet further, tell her at laſt
It is for her I die.
Damp. Something like this, I am reſolved to do,
But cannot yet tell what. I'll inſtantly
Go to her, and with my utmoſt Cunning
Try to dive to the very bottom
Of her Heart: Where if I find yet any
Room for a new Paſſion, you may be well
Aſſured, that to your beſt Advantage,
I will turn the Weakneſs of her yielding Mind.
Beauf. Go, fly: Oh may we both ſucceſsful prove,
Thou in thy ſubtle Arts, and I in love.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I. *A Foreſt.*

Leonora *alone.*

Leon. WHilſt all rejoyce, *Montigny*, at thy ſtay,
I only waſte in Tears the time away:
Uncertain, what to hope, or what to fear,
I wiſh thee gone, yet fain would keep thee here.

All Ways I try, to chaſe thee from my mind,
All Arts I uſe, yet can no Comfort find:
For if, t'elude the Torments I endure,
My Hopes from Abſence ſeem t expect a Cure;
Even thoſe Hopes ridiculous appear,
Since how can he be abſent who's lodg'd here? [*Laying her Hand on her Heart.*
A welcom, yet a fatal Gueſt to me,
Whilſt I the Priſoner am, and he is free.
What then, poor *Leonora*, wilt thou do,
Thou loveſt alas! but art forbid to woo,
That is Man's dear prerogative alone,
Thou muſt in ſecret ſigh, in ſecret moan:
And taught by ſtricter Rules of Modeſty,
What moſt thou lov'ſt thou muſt pretend to flie.
Thus ſtrangely wretched, ſurely there can be,
For all thy Woes, but one ſad Remedy:
Die then, yet in thy Death, ſo lucky prove,
That all the World may know, thou diedſt for love.
Each Poet then, thy Paſſion will rehearſe,
Sing thy ſad Fate in everlaſting Verſe,
And every Lover ſtrew thy paſſing Herſe.

Enter Elvira *and* Lyſette.

Lyſ. See Madam, where ſhe is.
Elv. Retire a little. [*Ex.* Lyſette
Leon. Oh Heavens! I am ſurpriz'd.
Elv. What? in this diſmal ſolitary Place
Alone, and all in Tears, my Dear?
Leon. Thoſe treacherous Tears will be my Ruine. [*Aſide.*
Elv. Nay, ſeek not to hide 'em from your deareſt Friend, that would be too unkind: Oh! rather, Let me know the unhappy Cauſe of this Diſorder.
Leon. I will, but you ſhall paſs your Word then, Not to laugh at me.
Elv. My deareſt Child, I do,
Leon. Nay, but I am confident you will laugh, Since I my ſelf indeed, can ſcarce forbear, When I reflect on it.
Elv. I will not,
Nay, I cannot laugh at what moves thee to weep. Thy Tears, my Dear, would extort Pity From an Enemy, much more from one that loves thee.
Leon. This your unmerited Kindneſs, Madam, makes me yet more aſhamed than ever, To betray my Folly: For it was nothing more,

Believe

Believe me, than a meer childiſh Paſſion.
Elv. Whate'er it was, imparting it to me,
You will oblige me much.
Leon. Were it a Secret,
Or of the leaſt Importance, I would ne'er
Try to conceal it from you: Be ſo kind,
Dear Madam, as to impute my Folly
To my tender Years.
Elv. Ah *Leonora!*
'Tis not your Folly, but your Cunning now,
That I have reaſon to complain of.
Leon. Were I as capable of Cunning, Madam,
As you believe I am, yet certainly
I would not uſe it to impoſe on you,
To whom I ſtand ſo many ways engag'd.
Elv. I know you ought not, yet I'm ſure you do.
Leon. Suſpect it not, indeed you wrong me much.
Elv. No, 'tis you that wrong your ſelf, wrong me,
And all our mutual Vows of Friendſhip too.
For know, that with no ſmall concern of late,
I have obſerv'd your gayer Humour fade,
And change into a ſad, dull and deadly
Melancholy: With Grief I have beheld
You fly all ſorts of pleaſing Company,
Only to court Retirement in ſome Grove.
This made me ſet *Lyſette* to watch your Steps,
By whom, juſt now inform'd, That you were gone
This way alone, I quickly follow'd you,
Tho' not without ſome Apprehenſions,
From the diſmal Wildneſs of this uncouth place,
Altho' I knew *Montigny* and *Grammount*,
Were here before, ſeeking Diverſion
In theſe o'ergrown Woods. Come then confeſs,
What brought you to this unfrequented place?
Leon. Ah, what would you have me do?
Elv. Tell me the Truth,
For ſhould you ſtill endeavour to conceal it,
The ſwelling Secret would, in time,
Grow too unruly for your tender Breaſt,
And force its way, at laſt, with much more Noiſe,
And eager Violence, than would be fit
For ſo much Innocence to own.
Leon. I yield:
Your kind and tender importunity,
At length has con_uer'd all my Fears.

Share then that fatal ſecret which, of late,
Has robbed me of my Reſt, of all my Peace.
Yet ſpare, oh ſpare my Tongue, th'ungrateful Task,
Of naming what I ſtill muſt bluſh to own:
But let theſe Tears convey it to your Breaſt,
Whilſt on my tender Knees I thus implore
Your Pity, and your Pardon.
Elv. Riſe, riſe, my Dear,
Take this Kiſs, and with it too my pardon,
My Pity, and my faithful promiſe,
To aſſiſt thee in thy Love: For Love it is,
If I muſt gueſs, that has poſſeſt thy Soul.
If ſo, my Dear, you muſt be plainer yet,
And name the happy object of your Vows.
Leon. Ah Madam, I doubt I have already
Said too much, for ſee, my Brother coming,
Oh give me Leave to hide my Grief from him,
And all the World but you.

Enter Dampierre. Leonora *runs out, and* Elvira *offering to follow her, is ſtaid by* Dampierre.

Damp. Nay, Madam,
You muſt excuſe my Rudeneſs, I but ſeize
The next at Hand, to know by what ſtrange fate
Dampierre of late is grown ſo terrible,
As to oblige you with ſuch eager haſte,
To fly him.
Elv. You cannot think your Siſter ſhould avoid you,
Nor ought you to believe I would.
Damp. But, Madam, may I not believe my Eyes?
Elv. You may, for they can only tell you,
That *Leonora* fled, and that I followed,
And all perhaps without one Thought of you.
But you of late are ſtrangely alter'd ſure,
You would not elſe ſo eaſily ſuſpect
Your Friends of ſo much incivility;
Believe me 'tis a Fault ſcarce pard'nable.
Damp. Since my too light Suſpicion ſeems a Crime,
With all Submiſſion I intreat your Pardon:
Alas! I am no more the Man I was ——
Elv. Why, what ſtrange Misfortune has befallen you?
Damp. So great a one i'th' perſon of my Friend,
As Heaven, in all its Anger, ſcarcely could
Have ſent a greater. Ah! had thoſe fair Eyes,
Madam, beheld what theſe have lately ſeen,

How

How much would they have loſt, by this time
Of their wonted luſtre: at leaſt, if ſorrow,
Sighs, or frequent tears, could have diminiſht it.
Elv. You think me very tender hearted ſure,
Or elſe have ſome ſtrange ſtory to relate,
Extremely moving.
Damp. Believe me, Madam,
It is a tale would move the hardeſt heart
To ſome compaſſion: Think then, you ſee
A man, compleatly bleſt above all others,
In the richeſt gifts of Nature, and of
Fortune; a Man, renown'd abroad for Arms,
And no leſs famed at home for goodneſs,
And for Virtue.
Elv. You have ſaid enough,
To let me know he is your Friend, who e're he be:
But ſure a Man of his high Character,
Can never prove unfortunate enough
To want our Pity.
Damp. Yet, Heaven knows, much more
Unfortunate he is, than either good,
Or great: In ſhort, he Loves, Loves where he ſcarce
Dares ever hope to be belov'd again;
So, ſadly lingers out a hated Life,
In all the torments of a deep deſpair.
Elv. Believe me, 'tis pity he ſhould ſo miſplace,
His love on one, who ſure deſerves it not.
Damp. I'll not pretend to rate her mighty worth,
But only tell you ſhe is wondrous fair,
Fair as the faireſt of her charming Sex;
Fair as *Elvira*, as hard hearted too;
And what's yet worſt of all, like her, ſhe is
Married to another.
Elv. How! his paſſion
Then is criminal, and ſhould be hopeleſs.
Damp. 'Tis criminal indeed, and yet the crime,
Renders it but the more conſpicuous;
Or if you will give me leave to ſay ſo,
Meritorious; dear Devil tempt me not. (*Aſide.*
Elv. I underſtand you not, or if I did,
I am not now at leiſure to diſpute
The merits of a guilty paſſion:
But come, let us move homewards pray,
And leave the reſt to a more fitting time.
Damp. No time more fitting, nor no place more free?
Than this.

Elv.

Elv. But I am weary, and want reſt.
Damp. Here you may have it, if you pleaſe,
I beg you would hear me.
Elv. I cannot now.
Damp. Say rather that you will not.
Elv. That would be rude.
Damp. And therefore only will not hear, becauſe
It is th' unlucky *Dampierre* that entreats.
Juſt Gods! muſt I be ſtill neglected,
Still deſpiſed, and whether for my ſelf I plead,
Or for another, ſtill cut ſhort? no, ſtay,
And tho you'll hear no more of his ſad tale,
Be pleas'd at leaſt to lend an ear to mine.
Elv. What mean you, *Dampierre*?
Damp. Since my friends paſſion is condemn'd, oh! give
Me Leave to entertain you with another;
Which tho not wholly innocent, perhaps,
Yet owing all it has of guilt in it,
To you alone, by you at leaſt, ſhou'd be
Eſteem'd as ſo.
Elv. You grow myſterious now,
Your looks are wild, and you much diſcompos'd.
Damp. Behold me well: And in theſe troubled looks
Read the diſorder of my Soul; ſpringing
From Love, oppoſed by hatred and more ſweet
Revenge. Do you not tremble, Madam?
Elv. Why ſhould I tremble?
If Heaven, as I believe, protects
The Innocent, I am ſecure enough.
Damp. You are indeed, for love at length has got
The day; that little God, tho diſpoſſeſt
Some time by my too juſt reſentment,
Is now return'd Victorious to his Throne,
And firmly reinſtated in the Empire
Of my heart.
Elv. I do begin to underſtand you now:
But *Dampierre*, have a care, deſiſt in time,
All yet is well: but if you dare proceed,
Grammont ſhall ſurely know your good deſign.
Damp. Tuſh:
Meer bugbear words to ſcare young ſinners with;
You would fain make me angry,
But I at preſent want the leiſure:
A ſofer, nobler paſſion rules my Soul.
I am all Love, all Fire, my wanton blood

Runs high, ready to force a paſſage
Through my diſtended veins.
This gloomy place, invites us too to Love,
Whoſe kinder ſhades, not only will conceal
Our amorous Thefts, but even forbidding
Entrance to the Sun,
Will ſhroud us in an artificial night:
That all things may be done with greater decency.
Come then, *(Offers to kiſs her hand.*
Take this warm earneſt of a greater Bliſs,
And think, with how much pleaſure to your ſelf,
You may in one poor fleeting minutes time,
Even o'erpay me for an age of ſufferings.
Elv. Monſter of a Man, Villain unhand me,
Let me quickly go, or I will fill theſe Woods
With cries, ſuch moving cries, as ſhall awake,
And from their diſmal hollow caverns draw,
Each nobler Beaſt of prey to be a Guard
To me, to thee baſe wretch, a ſhame and terrour.
Damp. Come, come you need not uſe theſe common arts,
Theſe faint denials, little ſtrugling fits
May ſerve indeed as whets, to a weak
And puleing appetite: But mine is ſharp, wound
To the utmoſt pitch, keen as the greedy Hawks,
That's ready juſt to ſeize his long'd for prey.
Elv. Lyſette, Lyſette:
Raſh, heedleſs Girl, oh whither art thou fled?
And thou, my dear *Grammont*, where art thou
Now? the diſtreſs'd *Elvira* wants thy help.
Damp. Call louder yet, he anſwers not, perhaps
He may not now ſo much as think of you:
At leaſt you ſee he is not here to help you,
Therefore be wiſe, and what you cannot
Hope to avoid, ſubmit to patiently.
Elv. Villain thou lieſt, he's in theſe very Woods.
Tremble, baſe wretch, at the bare thoughts
Of his approach; for tho he be not yet
Within the reach of my too feeble voice,
I doubt not but juſt Heaven will ſend him,
Either to reſcue, or revenge his dear *Elvira*:
And either way, to thy Confuſion Monſter.
Damp. Hah! ſay you ſo, what muſt be done then,
Muſt be quickly done: and when 'tis done,
I'll truſt thee for betraying thy own ſhame
Scarce forty paces hence, there is a gloomy

Place ſo private, as if kind nature had
Contrived it only for our uſe: There at
Thy beauteous ſhrine, I'll offer up my beſt
Devotions; and fill thee with ſuch melting
Joys, as firſt ſhall tempt thee to forgive,
Then make thee beg me to renew the Offence.
Nay hang not back, for if you do, by Heaven
I'll drag you thither. *(Offers to force her.*

Elv. Oh all you juſter
Powers above, ſend ſome relief: or give me
Strength enough to puniſh the baſe Villain.
Help, help, for Heaven's ſake help.

Damp. Hah! what envious Devil has ſent him?
Oh, Madam, dry up thoſe precious Tears,
Forbear thoſe Cries, whilſt *Dampierre* lives
You're ſafe enough. *(He diſcovers* Montigny *at a diſtance.*

Enter Montigny.

Mont. Whence came thoſe diſmal Cries?
Hah; was it you, Madam, that ſo loudly
Call'd for help, ſpeak, Madam, ſpeak I beg you,
What means this ſtrange diſorder in your looks,
Or do thou *Dampierre*, I conjure thee, tell me
What was the matter?

Damp. I know not I,
She ſurely beſt can tell what caus'd her fear:
Fortune, and her loud cries, directed me,
Montigny, as they have brought you hither.

Elv. Generous *Montigny*, waſte not the time
In fruitleſs queſtions, but rather
If you have any friendſhip for *Grammont*,
Help, O quickly help me hence,
Whilſt I have yet ſome little ſtrength
Remaining.

Damp. If *Dampierre*, Madam,
May in any thing be ſerviceable,
Pray be ſo free as to command him too.

Elv. Monſter, avoid my ſight.

Damp. Hear you that, *Montigny*,
Look to her well, for much I fear ſhe's craz'd.

Elv. Oh horrid impudence! but come, let us,
Montigny, fly this fatal place:
And yet my trembling joynts anſwer my haſte
But ill.

Mont. Fear nothing, Madam, but accept this hand
For your ſupport. *(Ex.* Mont. *and* Elv.

Damp.

Damp. Impudence aſſiſt me now,
Or elſe this one reverſe of Fortune
Ruins all, renders abortive all the
Hopeful projects of my labouring brain,
And leaves me naked to the mercy
Of offended juſtice. Curſe on my rebellious Blood,
Curſe on that flatt'ring opportunity,
Which ſmiled on, yet betray'd, my deareſt hopes.

Enter Grammount.

Gram. Well met Brother, ſaw you *Montigny?*
I loſt him ſtrangely.

Dam. Yes, juſt now I ſaw him.

Gram. Where, which way is he gone?

Dam. Homewards I think,
But make not too much haſte to overtake
Him, leaſt you ſhould chance to come
Before you are welcome.

Gram. What mean you, *Dampierre*?

Damp. I mean, that he's already in good Company,
And would not willingly admit of more.

Gram. I fear it not, my friend to me is ever
Welcome, and by my ſelf I judge of him.

Damp. You may, and yet may be miſtaken too:
There are ſome certain times and ſeaſons,
When even the very beſt of friends
Are but importunate.

Gram. That very minute,
My friend ſhould think me ſo, I ſhould think him
No more my friend.

Damp. Be not too poſitive:
Suppoſe an aſſignation made by thee
Grammount, to meet ſome kind, ſome yielding fair,
Here in this very favourable place;
And when that you were ready juſt to reap,
The deareſt fruits of many waking nights,
And painfull days, your friend ſhould then, juſt then
Rudely ruſh in to interrupt your joys.

Gram. You are wanton, *Dampierre*, but at preſent
That's not *Montigny*'s caſe I'm ſure.

Damp. I hope it is not, yet I'll not ſwear
For any one.

Gram. Why, hope it is not?
Pray tell me, what from *Montigny*'s Conduct,
Can you, *Dampierre*, have, either to hope,
Or fear?

Damp. Oh much, too much indeed,
Or elſe theſe eyes are ſhamefully miſtaken.
Gram. This is all riddle, prithee be plainer.
Damp. You will allow, *Grammount*,
That when two equal Gameſters meet to play
Upon the ſquare, each with a high opinion
Of the others honour, if in that caſe,
The one play foul, the other is thereby
Expoſed to a more certain loſs,
Than if he playd with one he knew to be
The moſt notorious Cheat alive?
Gram. No doubt o'nt, his confidence in th'others
Honour, makes him careleſs, blind to all
Thoſe little tricks, which in another,
He would ſoon diſcover.
Damp. Well then, there's none ſo likely to diſcern the fraud;
As ſome good skilful honeſt ſtander by.
Gram. 'Tis granted.
Damp. I am that honeſt ſtander by,
Who in a ſtrange unequal game, ſee thee,
Grammount, moſt miſerably cheated:
Yet more, I am your Brother, which ought
At leaſt to add ſome weight to what I ſay.
Take my advice then, e're it be too late,
And of all men beware *Montigny*,
By whom you are betray'd, wrong'd, and abus'd,
Beyond all patience.
In fhort, all in this world you hold moſt dear,
Lyes now at ſtake, whilſt he, that treacherous friend,
Plays foul, ſhamefully foul, thinking at one
Well managed throw, to rob you of your reſt,
Your honour, fixing an everlaſting ſtain
On you, and all your injur'd family;
Gram. My honour, *Damiere*? *Montigny* ſeek to
Rob me of my Honour? Have a care,
And if thou lov'ſt thy ſelf proceed no farther.
By heaven, thou art not ſafe, unleſs thou canſt
So plainly prove each guilty circumſtance
Againſt him, as can leave no room for doubt.
Damp. Having diſcharg'd my duty I have done,
If you are careleſs, well may I be ſo:
For tho I firmly do believe you wrong'd,
Yet is it not impoſſible for me
To be miſtaken, ſince chance perhaps,
Not aſſignation, may have brought them hither.

Gram.

Gram. Curſe on thy double Tongue, hold me not thus
In doubt: but tell me quickly, what chance,
What aſſignation do'ſt thou dream of, Hah!
Tell me, who were they thou ſaw'ſt here?
Speak, wretch, ſpeak, or by all that's ſacred
I ſhall forget thou art my Brother.

Damp. You are ſtrangely paſſionate, tho all at laſt
May come to nothing: I only ſay
I ſaw 'em here, I mean *Montigny* and *Elvira*,
Here in this diſmal ſolitary place,
Alone too, but what of that, all places
Are alike, company, or no company,
'Tis all one, you now, to perſons that
Are vertuouſly inclined. And if you can
Believe them ſuch, why, there's an end of all.

Gram. Juſt Gods! that I ſhould ever live to hear,
The ſofteſt, tendereſt Wife, and trueſt friend
Thus to my face abuſed, yet muſt not puniſh
The offender.

Damp. You wrong your ſelf, *Grammount*,
In raſhly blaming me, who jealous of
Your Honour, do in pure kindneſs only,
Speak my reaſonable fears.

Gram. True:
I wrong my ſelf, my Wife, my Friend, and thee,
In blaming thee good, honeſt *Dampierre*:
Indeed I am aſhamed, that by too prompt
A paſſion, I ſhould ſeem to give thee ſo
Much credit, as ſhould make me entertain
The leaſt ſuſpicion, either of *Elvira*
Or *Montigny*. Farewell unworthy man,
Be not hereafter ſo extremely jealous
Of my honour, but conſult your own.
And know, I wear a Sword, will do me right
Againſt all the world except a Brother. *Ex. Gram.*

Damp. So, now 'tis all againſt *Dampierre*,
Dampierre againſt all: no matter,
Thanks be to Fortune, and my lucky brain,
All things do yet go reaſonably well.
I have, by way of accuſation,
Got the ſtart both of *Montigny* and *Elvira*,
And that's no ſmall advantage, in my caſe.
For now whether *Grammount* begins with them,
Or they to him complain; in all appearance,
I am equally ſecure, ſince either way,

Whate're is ſaid of me, will ſeem contriv'd
Only to blaſt my reputation,
And ſo be all ſuſpected: Wondrous good-
Go bravely on then, *Dampierre*, puſh at all,
Honour attends th' attempt, tho thou ſhouldſt fall.

The end of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Elvira *and* Leonora.

Elv. 'Tis true, my Dear, your inconſiderate
And haſt flight, was tho the innocent,
The only cauſe of that adventure.
Alas! I tremble when I reflect
On the great danger you were in, and bluſh
That I conſider I muſt call him Brother,
Who could be guilty of ſo barbarous
An attempt.

Elv. No more of that, for if you
Call him Brother, ſo does my dear *Grammont*,
From whom with care this ſecret muſt be kept,
Leaſt a too juſt reſentment ſhould tranſport,
And hurry him beyond the limits of
His uſual moderation, ſo engage
The family in ſad and endleſs broils.

Leon. Your goodneſs, Madam, is beyond example,
But may there not be danger in it?
Some men are of ſo baſe a temper,
That a pard'n, proves but a new inducement
To 'em, to offend again.

Elv. 'Tis in my power
To hinder his offending in that kind.

Leon. 'Tis true, and yet I cannot chooſe but fear,
Tho what, or why, I muſt confeſs I know not.

Elv. Prethee no more of thy kind fears,
I apprehend not any thing, my dear,
Nor can I at the preſent think of ought
But of thy Paſſion, Child, 'tis a noble one,
Diſcreetly placed grounded on rational hopes.

Leon.

Leon. For Heavens ſake, Madam——
Elv. Nay, do not bluſh:
Montigny's one of ſuch undoubted worth,
As juſtly may—— but ſee where he comes,
Where is *Grammount*?

Enter Montigny.

Mont. Gone, Madam, to the Governours Apartment,
Where he continues very buſie in
Diſpatching ſome affairs of great Concern.
Elv. It has been ſtill his chiefeſt care to eaſe
The Governour in all he could, and I
Am glad he ſtudies to oblige ſo good
And generous a Kinſman.
Mont. His merit juſtly, Madam, claims that ſervice.
Elv. And my *Grammount* pays it moſt willingly.
Would he were here.
Mont. I, Madam, wiſh it too,
Yet ſomething within me, what I know not,
Checks the fond wiſh, and makes me almoſt dread
Th' encounter of my deareſt friend. Alas!
How can I ever look him in the Face
Again, or hear him call me by the name
Of friend, whilſt *Dampierre* lives.
Elv. Can you believe you ſhould oblige *Grammount*,
In ſpilling of his only Brothers Blood.
Mont. In puniſhing ſo exquiſite a Villain,
I do moſt certainly believe I ſhould.
Leon. Yet that Villain ſtill, is *Grammount*'s Brother;
Mont. Brother, alas! what ſignifies the name
Or empty title of a Brother?
He who by vertue, or by kindneſs merits
The name of friend, is not a friend alone,
But even a Brother too, and much more ſo,
Than is the wretch that only claims by blood.
Elv. Too low methinks, *Montigny*, you depreſs
Thoſe ſacred ties of blood, on which the world
Seems to rely ſo much.
Leon. Brother's a name
So dear, that the meer title only ſeems
Enough to juſtifie our kindneſs
For the very worſt of men.
Mont. 'Tis true,
Much is by cuſtom given to the name
Of Brother, and therefore only, 'tis,

Since decency disarms my Friend
And will not suffer him to use his Sword,
That I believe my self engaged in honour
To draw mine.

Elv. Equally impious
In *Grammount* 'twould be to wish revenge,
As act it.

Leon. And what he cannot wish without
A crime, you cannot do without a greater.

Elv. No more of this, I know *Montigny*
You are my *Grammount*'s dearest Friend,
Consult not then his Honour only,
But his repose, and that of all his Family.

Mont. Believe me, Madam, that's my only aim.

Elv. I do; and therefore beg you to conceal
This shameful story. Oh bury it
In eternal silence, let not *Beaufort*,
Let not *Grammount*, suspect the least of *Dampierre*'s
Villany: but above all, beware of
Making it more publick by a quarrel.

Mont. Ah, Madam ———

Elv. I must not be denied, unless you have
A mind to ruin him you call your friend,
And ever robb him of his sweetest rest.
I do conjure you then by all your Vows
Of friendship to my dear *Grammount*,
By all that's dearest to you in this World ———

Elv. Press it no further, Madam I Obey,
Tho Heaven knows I do it with regret.

Elv. We'll leave you to your cooler thoughts, *Montigny*,
Commending moderation still, as best,
In this and all other cases between friends.
Come *Leonora*. *Ex.* Elv. Leon.

Mont. Just Heaven! how much
Beauty, how much goodness have you bestow'd
On this one Woman. *Ex.* Montigny.

Enter Lysette *follow'd by* Dampierre.

Dam. What! threaten to turn thee out of Doors,
Basely expose thee to the scorn
Of all thy laughing tribe, rail at,
And revile thee for a matter of just nothing?

Lyset. Nay, 'tis a fault not to be pardon'd,
And therefore I'm resolved to be revenged.

Damp. Fault! that's a name too soft, too mild,

For

For ſuch a crime: Why, 'tis Treaſon,
Downright Treaſon, a flat Conſpiracy
Againſt thy Empire Child.
Lyſet Right, therefore once more I do pronounce
She ſinks under the mighty weight
Of my diſpleaſure.
Damp. Thou haſt it in thy power, my Girl,
To cruſh her into nothing.
Lyſet. I have indeed, thanks to the dear delight
You take in miſchief, Sir.
But hark ye now, in cooler blood,
Pray tell me what mad pranks
You play'd i' th' Foreſt, to put
My Saint-like Lady into ſuch Deviliſh Paſſion.
For when all's done, my being out
Of the way ſo ſmall a time, was but an
Inconſiderable fault, too ſlight
To draw on ſo much anger.
Damp. No Pranks at all my Child,
Only an Argument aroſe by chance,
And I unluckily maintained my part
With ſomething too much heat,
Which put her Ladyſhip into a horrid pelt,
And made her rail at me, at thee,
And every body elſe I think.
Lyſet. Yet, out of her abundant kindneſs,
She has forgiven me forſooth,
And once again received me into favour.
But that's no matter, I have not yet
Forgiven her: Nor will I, till to her coſt
I have made her know me better.
What! Pretend to turn me out of Doors,
No, my blood riſes at the very thoughts on't,
Say when ſhall I be Revenged?
Damp. This night, this very hopeful night,
Nay if you let ſlip this night,
You may perhaps look long enuff
For ſuch another opportunity.
Lyſet. With all my heart then, let it be this night:
For now, methinks, I am prepared for any thing
That looks like miſchief.
Damp. Bravely reſolved.
Know then, *Grammount* at preſent
Is at the Governours appartment,
Where multiplicity of buſineſs,

Committed to his care alone,
By the uneasy *Beaufort*, will certainly
Detain him longer than ordinary:
So that the Night, which now draws on a pace,
Will in all probability be far spent,
E're he returns to his own Lodgings;
And then, then my Girl.

Lyset. Ay, then will be the time, when I
Poor inconsiderable fool, will with
Such cunning play my Treacherous part,
As shall with ease impose upon the good *Grammount*,
Pluck from his faithfull breast
Deep-rooted Love, and in its room
Plant the rank weed of Jealousie,
Turn dearest Friendship into mortal Hate,
And so give birth to general Confusion.

Dam. Revenge, how sweet thou art! Revenge now makes
Thee undertake a part, the Devil himself
Would bogle at: No Woman sure e're suckled thee,
Or something more than man club'd to thy getting.
But see, the Governour appears,
Away, and fail not when it comes to th' push
Be sure.

Lyset. Fear me not. *(Exit Lyset.*

Enter Beaufort.

Damp. This Wench is ripe for Hell.

Beauf. Well, what News *Dampierre* from *Elvira*?
Knows she my Love, does she speak Life or Death?

Damp. Hear the story, then be your self the Judge.

Beauf. Proceed.

Damp. Know then, that leaving you
I went directly to *Elvira*'s Lodgings,
But missing of her there, and being told,
That she was gone, attended by *Lysette*,
To take a turn i'th' Neighbouring Forest,
Thither I follow'd her, where I first met
Lysette, and quickly managed her so well,
As not to stand in awe of her too near
Attendance: The Woman so secured,
I boldly ventured to attack the Lady,
Whom, as I could have wisht, I found alone.
Our first discourse was of indifferent things,
Which yet I managed with such curious Art,
As drew her on at length to that of Love.

Beauf.

Beauf. Thy boldneſs makes me tremble, *Dampierre.*
Damp. From Love in general, we quickly came
Down to particulars, and then you may
Believe I fail'd not to deſcribe your flame
As you your ſelf could wiſh.
Beauf. nam'd you my name?
Damp. Not yet, nor did I at firſt let her know
She was the perſon Lov'd: But ſtill made uſe
Of borrow'd names, till finding that my art
Prevail'd, and that the ſoft and moving Terms,
In which I told the ſtory of your Love,
Had toucht her tender heart with pity of
Your caſe, then I reveal'd the ſecret,
told her all.
Beauf. And how did ſhe receive it ha!
Damp. Why Sir, with all the haughty marks of Pride,
And Scorn, ſhe could put on; tis true, ſhe ſaid
Not much, and fain would have been gone, but I
Made bold by the advantage of the place,
Stopt her, and would have made her hear me out,
When on the ſudden in ſtept —
Beauf. *Lyſette.*
Damp. No, Sir, *Montigny.*
Beauf. *Montigny* ſay'ſt thou!
Hell and Confuſion! but ſay what follow'd.
Damp. Only this, as ſoon as he appear'd,
With eager haſte ſhe flew into his arms,
Then with a ſcornful ſmile, and ſlighting toſs
O'th' head, ſhe took her leave of me, and ſo
Triumphantly went off with her Gallant.
Beauf. Juſt Gods! How can you wink at ſo much baſe
And rank Hypocriſie: If ſuch crimes as theſe
Meet with impunity, the world will grow
too wicked by the bad example.
Rather aſſert, aſſert your Sovereign Power,
And darting Thunder at her devoted head,
Let her, oh let her unpitied fall
A wretched inſtance of offended Juſtice.
But, tell me, do'ſt thou believe *Montigny*
Over heard thee?
Damp. Moſt certainly he did.
Beauf. What then in this unlucky caſe is to be done.
For ſure if once *Montigny* knows I love,
'Twill not be long a ſecret to *Grammount.*
Adviſe me *Dampierre.*

Damp. Excuſe me, Sir, I know no way but one
That can effectually ſecure Mens Tongues.
Beauf. And what way's that?
Damp. Faith, Sir, an eaſy one.
Cut but the Throat, the Tongue will tell no tales.
Beauf. No, that's a way too rough, I like it not.
Damp. Why now I think on't better, there may be
Yet one way more, not quite ſo ſafe perhaps
As t'other, but———
Beauf. Name it and I am thine
For ever, but no blood I charge you.
Damp. No, this is a Gentler way, it is but
Subtly looſening that firm tie of Friendſhip,
Which ſeems ſo well and firmly knit, between
Montigny and *Grammount*, and you have done
Your buſineſs: For if they are not Friends,
Moſt certain 'tis they will be Enemies,
There is no mean, and then you need not fear.
Beauf. Moſt true: but then the difficulty is,
How to divide two ſouls ſo ſtrictly, and
So long united, in the deareſt bands
Of Friendſhip's ſacred, and ſevereſt Laws.
Damp. Let me alone to manage that affair,
If *Grammount* Loves *Elvira*, before
To morrows Sun he ſhall as ſurely hate
Montigny to the death: Diſtruſt me not,
But if you like the project———
Beauf. Like it, yes,
I gueſs at thy deſign, and like it well:
Grammount I pity thee, tho' it is but juſt
To let thee ſee thy danger, e're thou art
Too far impos'd on by a Treacherous friend,
And wanton Wife. But it grows late,
And I am ſtrangely diſcompoſed. Farewel. (*Exit* Beauf.
Damp. Go, go to bed old man, ſleep if thou can'ſt,
And dream of happy hours thou ne'er ſhalt ſee.
So, he's well prepar'd I think, and I have
Gain'd a mighty Patron to protect me
Whatever miſchief happens; the more
the better now, ſince he is like to Anſwer all.
Poor I am but his humble Inſtrument,
Ha! Ha! Ha!
I could e'en kill my ſelf with Laughing now,
To ſee how ſtrangely all things have conſpir'd,
To Crown my Roguery with Succeſs,
And me with Safety. [Exit *Damp.*

Enter

Enter Grammount *and a Page before him with a Flambeau.*

Gram. Buſineſs, unlucky buſineſs long has kept
Me from *Elvira*: Tho' all late as 'tis,
Methinks ſome dark, ill-boding fancy ſeems
to tell me, 'tis too early yet, to ſeek
Thoſe Joys I ever found in her dear Arms.
A ſtrange unuſual damp has ſeized my ſoul,
And I who uſe, with eager Joy to fly
To my *Elvira*, have now ſcarce the ſtrength,
Or Will indeed, to move one ſtep that way.
Oh *Dampierre*, *Dampierre*, what was thy deſign?
Since I left thee, my working thoughts have been
In a perpetual hurrey; thou, alas!
Haſt poyſon'd all my deareſt Joys, and in
My troubled mind, laid the foundation
Of Eternal Doubts, Perplexing, Gnawing,
Killing Doubts. And yet I know thee, *Dampierre*,
Baſe, of a Poor, Mean, Low ſpirit too,
And ſo, capable of any miſchief.
Why then ſhould'ſt thou gain credit with *Grammount*,
Who knows thou hat'ſt both him and his *Elvira*.
No, from my memory henceforth I chaſe
Thee, and each thought of thy baſe Treachery.
Grammount's too happy in a vertuous Wife,
And Generous Friend; tho' curſt indeed, in thee,
Thou Cruel, and Unatural Brother.
But hark, what noiſe is that?
O, 'tis the door opens. Hah!
Who art thou that ſtealeſt
Away ſo guiltily?
Nay, I muſt ſee, *Lyſette*!
Whither away at this
Unſeaſonable time of night,
And what paper's that thou
Mumbleſt ſo?

A noiſe of opening a door and Lyſette *Enters who ſeeing* Grammount *pretends to avoid him. He ſtops her and turning up her hood ſees her tearing a Letter with her Teeth.*

Lyſet. Alas! I am undone, Pardon me; ſir,
Oh Pardon me I beſeech you.
Gram. Would'ſt have me pard'n thee e're I know thy fault,
Confeſs, and then perhaps thou may'ſt deſerve it.
Lyſet. Oh never, never, all that I deſire,
Is that you would be ſo juſt, as to believe
Me only guilty, for on my life
My Lady's innocent.

Gram. Hah ! thy Lady, ſpeak, what of her ?
Lyſet. Why, ſhe I do declare to all the world
Is innocent, by all that's good ſhe is,
Nay were I to die next minute,
My Tongue ſhould end my ſtory with that truth.
Gram. I ask not of her innocence, but tell me,
And tell me truely, as thou hop'ſt for any
Mercy from me, whither wert thou
Stealing with that Letter, and what
Were the contents of it ?
Lyſet. For Heaven ſake, and for your own, Sir,
Preſs me no further, here on my knees
I beg you would not.
Gram. Ha ! do'ſt thou dally with me ?
Come, ſpeak quickly, or by heaven thou dieſt.
Lyſet. Do with me what you pleaſe,
But force me not, I do beſeech you,
To a Confeſſion that ——
Gram. What ! Speak I ſay, tell me,
What was that Paper, to whom directed,
And from whom ?
Lyſet. Alas ! die for fear——
Gram. If thou continueſt obſtinate,
Not all the world ſhall ſave thee from my Fury.
Lyſet. It was ——
Gram. What was it, ſpeak I ſay ?
Lyſet. It was a Letter ——
Gram. From whom ?
Lyſet. It was a Letter from my Lady ——
Gram. Well ſaid, to whom ?
Lyſet. To —— Yet, Sir, excuſe me I conjure you.
Gram. Hah more trifling, out with it boldy, or ——
Lyset. 'Twas to *Montigny*, Sir,
Your beſt, and deareſt friend, *Montigny*.
Gram. To *Montigny* !
Was it to *Montigny*, that *Elvira* ſent thee
With that Letter at this unſeaſonable hour ?
Lyſet It was : But why ſhould that ſo much diſturb you?
A petty quarrel parted 'em in the evening,
When tho' *Montigny* humbly ſued for pardon,
She would not grant it, till at the laſt, good Lady,
Repenting her ſeverity, ſhe could not reſt,
Till ſhe had given him an aſſurance, under
Her hand, that what he then ſo earneſtly
Deſired, was now as freely granted, and ——

Gram.

Gram. Peace Screech-Owl,
Peace, thou rank meſſenger of luſt :
By heaven, I know not why I do not kill thee,
Hence from my ſight I ſay, away. (*Exit* Lyſette
But which way now, wretched *Grammount*, wilt thou
Direct thy wandring ſteps, where e're thou goeſt,
Deſtruction, Horror, and Amazament will attend thee
Thy faithful cares, deaf to all other tales,
Will turn each ſound into this one ſad ſtory,
Elvira's falſe, *Montigny*'s falſe, and now
Grammount's become, the ſcorn of all the world,
Oh 'tis too much for mortal man to bear,
By heaven, i'll make my ſad, and juſt Revenge
As ſignally notorious as my wrongs.
But huſh, be ſtill y' unruly paſſions of
My mind, and think *Grammount*, that to revenge
is but the way to publiſh thy diſgrace.
Patience then, oh patience, grant me juſt heav'n
More patience, or take from me that little
I am yet maſter of, and in return
Bleſs me with madneſs, eternal madneſs,
Madneſs without one minutes interval of ſenſe.
Grief, Rage, Deſpair poſſeſs my totur'd mind,
Make me but mad, ye Gods, and you'll be kind.

The end of the fourth Act. ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Elvira *and* Leonora.

Elv. NO more, no more; my *Grammount* is unkind,
Fickle, inconſtant, wavering, and falſe;
Some fatal Beauty has ſurpriz'd his Heart,
And chaſed th' unfortunate *Elvira* thence
For ever, as a ſtranger to his Love.

Leon. Judge not ſo hardly, Madam, of a Flame
So pure, ſo exemplary, and ſo chaſte
As his.

Elv. What other Judgment can I make?
In vain I have wept, in vain I have pray'd,
In vain all night purſued his flying ſteps
From place to place, yet cannot get one Look
That may ſeem kind, nor one poor Word
By which I might but gueſs at the ſad Cauſe
Of his pretended Grief.

Leon. This his proceeding
Seems to me moſt ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
But yet ——

Elv. Seek not, dear *Leonora*,
To excuſe him, but rather pity me.
Ah! hadſt thou been a Witneſs of my grief,
And of thoſe rough returns he laſt night made
To all the ſofteſt and engaging Arts
My Love could then invent, or his deſire,
Thou wouldſt with Tears lament, not doubt his change.

Leon. What ſtrange Unkindneſs was he guilty of!

Elv. Long had I wiſht my dear *Grammount*'s return,
With all th' impatience of a loving Wife,
Ready to ſhare and ſooth his neareſt Cares,
And lull his wearied Body in theſe Arms
To gentle Reſt. The Night far ſpent, at length
He came; but when with open Arms I ran
To meet him, alas! how was I ſurpriz'd,
When I read nought but Fury in his Face!
Doubting his Health, and vent'ring yet nearer
To him, he frown'd, and rudely flung me off:
Yet by degrees his Rage began to waſte;
And giving place to ſome more gentle Thoughts,
A ſullen deadly Grief ſeem'd to ſucceed it:

When I, once more, attempting to draw near,
He gently only put me by, then with
A deep and diſmal ſigh turn'd ſhort away,
Leaving me all in tears, and almoſt dead
With grief. Yet I reſolv'd to follow him;
And ſo indeed we paſs'd the tedious Night,
He flying ſtill, I ſtill purſuing, tho' in vain.
Leon. With all my Heart I pity you, and wiſh
Twere in my power to ſerve you, Madam.
Elv. Ah, my dear Child, what can thy Kindneſs do
For miſerable me, unleſs perhaps
It teach thee now to bear me company
In tears, to echo forth my ſighs from thy
Compaſſionate Breaſt, and kindly ſhare
The ſharpeſt Pangs of a too juſt Deſpair?
All this, my Dear, I dare expect from thee,
And from thy Love; and yet even all this
Would but augment, not caſe my Miſery.
Leon. Yet ſomething more I'll do, I'll to *Grammount*,
And force that fatal Secret from his Breaſt,
Which he yet keeps ſo cloſe.
Elv. But can you think,
That he will hear a Siſter, who is deaf
To all the ſighs of a once dear-lov'd Wife?
No, no; too much you wrong my dear *Grammount*.
Were he the Man he was, with Joy he'd hear
His dear *Elvira*; but not being ſo,
Be yet ſo juſt as to believe him deaf
To all the World beſide, as well as her.
Leon. Whither will your diſtemper'd Fancy lead
You, Madam? Oh, think ——
Elv. Alas, I know not.
Ah my *Grammount!* couldſt thou but gueſs to what
A wretched ſtate thy cruel uſage has
Reduc'd the poor unfortunate *Elvira*,
'Twould make thee ſoon repent, and give new life
To thy expiring Love.
Leon. Madam, once more
I do beſeech you give me leave to try
My Fortune with *Grammount*; I may prevail.
Elv. Never: alas, he will deſpiſe thy Sex,
And ſlight thy tender age. No, were he to be
Prevail'd on by Entreaties, *Montigny*
Beſt of all the World might hope to do it.
But ——

Leon. Deſpair not, Madam, Friendſhip, perhaps,
May do what Love at preſent cannot.
Elv. Ah, tempt me not to entertain a Hope
Which, once deceiv'd, will but encreaſe my Pain.
Yet for thy ſake, my Dear, I do ſubmit.
Go to *Montigny* then, and faithfully
Relate my Story; but leave the reſt to him,
Whoſe Generoſity will better teach
Him how to act, than all that we can ſay.
Leon. Madam, I fly. *Exit* Leon.
Elv. And I in the mean time will once more ſeek
My Dear, my falſe, ungrateful Fugitive
Grammont. *Exit* Elvira.

Enter Dampierre *and* Lyſette.

Damp. Well met; what News, my little Fury,
From thy Quarters?
Lyſ. News, my great Lord of Miſchief, worthy of
Thy Ear. In ſhort, I've play'd my part
Moſt rarely well, and now the Devil, I think,
Is playing his.
Damp. As how, I pray? What, is the wiſe virtuous
Grammont caught at laſt? Does he begin to powt?
Lyſ. Oh, extreamly.
Damp. And *Elvira*, what does ſhe? ha!
Lyſ. Why, ſhe e'en whines, and pines, and blubbers,
Like any o'ergrown Girl that had been
Newly whipt.
Damp. Good, wondrous good.
Lyſ. Yes, yes; all yet goes wondrous well indeed;
But what the end will be, for my part,
I cannot gueſs.
Damp. No matter, let there be no end at all,
But that which puts an end to all things, Death.
Oh, may Confuſion, Rage, Deſpair, and
Everlaſting Jealouſie attend 'em to their Graves.
Lyſ. Amen, ſay I: But yet ſuppoſe they ſhould
At laſt come to a right Underſtanding,
What would become of me, I pray?
Were it not better, think you, to decamp
In time, and leave them to themſelves?
Damp. By no means; that would make 'em preſently
Smell out thy Roguery and their own Error:
Rather be more diligent, and more aſſiduous
In your attendance now than ever:
Conſult their Looks, for till you find the weather

Clear-

Clearing there, you need not fear a Storm;
And then at laſt it will be time enough to fly.
In the mean time, here; thou haſt been
Induſtrious, and doſt deſerve Encouragement.
Offers a pair of Gloves.

Lyſ. A naſty dirty pair of Gloves, I warrant you;
Foh! I'll have none of 'em.

Damp. Away, thou'rt a Fool, and knowſt not what
Thou haſt refus'd: they are, I tell thee,
Gloves of the richeſt ſcent; beſides, each Finger's
Lin'd with Gold; here, wear 'em for my ſake.

Lyſ. Well, for once I care not if I do, the cordial Gold
Perhaps may keep my Spirits up, and give me
Strength to bear the brunt of all. Adieu, Sir.
Exit Lyſ.

Damp. Go thy ways, thou art a dainty Girl, and doſt love
Miſchief well, for which I love thee, tho' I dare not
Truſt thee. Thou art indeed a thought too mercenary,
And may'ſt at laſt, for Gold, ſell me, as thou already haſt
Thy Miſtreſs; therefore I can but pity thee. Thoſe Gloves,
How rich ſoe'er and ſweet their ſcent may ſeem,
Yet once well heated on the Hand, will caſt a ſtrong
And deadly ſmell, moſt fatal to the Brain, a Poyſon
Not only certain, but ſtrangely ſudden in its operation,
As I was told, at leaſt, by an *Italian* famous in that helliſh
Art, from whom I had 'em. If it be ſo, my buſineſs is
Compleatly done, and thou, poor fool, *Lyſette*, haſt
The Reward of all thy Services.
Exit Damp.

Enter Grammount.

Gram. What is that thing cal'd Happineſs, which Men
With ſo much noiſe and eager zeal purſue
So many ſeveral ways, each hoping to
Attain it in the poſſeſſion of ſome
Diſtant long'd-for Bleſſing, tho' all alike
In vain? For even that darling Bleſſing
Plac'd in a nearer light, and once enjoy'd,
Loſes but too much of its wonted luſtre;
Or elſe, encounter'd with rude Croſſes from
Abroad, is loſt and buried in a thick
And diſmal Cloud of rank uneaſie Cares.
There's no ſuch thing then as a happy man
On this ſide of the Grave. Look on me, all
You vain Pretenders, look on me, and own
At laſt this Truth; for all the deareſt Joys
Of Life did ſeem to court and flatter me:
Yet all thoſe Joys are in one moment dampt,
All vaniſht, all loſt to me for ever.

Friendſhip and Love, which once made up
The ſweeteſt part of 'em, do now conſpire
My ruin. Oh *Elvira!*

Enter Elvira.

Elv. Oh *Grammont!* (*He turns from her.*
Nay, turn not, turn not, cruel man, away,
But look upon thy poor diſconſolate
Elvira, almoſt drown'd in tears: ſpeak,
Oh ſpeak at laſt, and let her know wherein
She has been faulty or unfortunate
Enough to merit this hard uſage from
Her much-lov'd *Grammont!*

Gram. Art thou *Elvira?*

Elv. Why doſt thou aſk that unkind Queſtion?

Gram. Becauſe *Elvira* ever loved *Grammont*,
And ſo could never be a trouble to him.
But thou, alas! art moſt importunate;
Prithee be gone, thou art not *Elvira*,
Not the ſame *Elvira*, that I'm ſure of.

Elv. Yes, I am the very ſame I ever was,
The very ſame *Elvira* ſtill, on whom
With deareſt Tranſports thou didſt once beſtow
Ten thouſand Vows of everlaſting Love:
The ſame unfortunate *Elvira*
Who, charm'd by thy ſweet, ſoft, bewitching Arts,
Heard with delight thoſe many treacherous Vows
By thee intended for her ruine.
In ſhort, I am the ſame *Elvira* that
At laſt crown'd all thy hopes, paying down Love
For Love, as I then thought, tho' ſince I find,
With pureſt Gold I only purchas'd Droſs.

Gram. Forbear, forbear *Elvira*, and recall
Not to my Memory thoſe happy days
In which I dearly lov'd, and thou wert kind;
Too much, alas! 'twill aggravate my Grief,
Since I within this Breaſt already feel
Torments, to which nothing, I'm ſure, can add
New Pains, but a reflection on that Heaven
I once enjoy'd in thee and thy dear Love.

Elv. If in *Elvira's* Love thou once wert bleſt,
Why art thou not ſo ſtill?

Gram. Oh *Elvira!*
All things are ſtrangely alter'd ſince that time;
Love once was pure, and Friendſhip ſacred held,
Yet now the one is little elſe but Luſt,

The other all design. Vertue is fled,
And Vice Reigns now Triumphant in each sex,
We are all wond'rous weak alas , and frail. Oh ——
Elv. 'Tis true, most true my dear *Grammount*, and yet
What weakness canst thou justly tax me with ;
Unless perhaps my loving thee too well,
Be an infirmity unpardonable
In the unfortunate *Elvira*.
Gram. Oh ——
Elv. Alas ! what means that sad and dismal groan,
By grief extorted from thy manly breast :
Thou canst not sure be so unjust, as to
Suspect my Love. Yet if thou art, speak
I conjure thee, but speak plainly then,
And not in un-intelligible groans.
Speak, cruel man, oh speak, do I not love thee ?
Am I false ? oh may *Elvira* live no longer,
Than with a passion Innocent and Pure
She loves her dear *Grammount*.
Gram. What pity 'tis our hearts are not expos'd
To open view, as are our faces, that
So, even our most private thoughts might all
Appear, naked and bear as at their first
Conception, e're dress up in ornamental
Words, of a much different import.
Elv. Ah, could st thou but see into my heart,
Thou there would'st soon perceive thy error
And my innocence. But since, my dear *Grammount*,
That cannot be, believe my words, believe
These tears, believe my Actions, oh see,
I am here ready to receive thee still,
Rude and Unkind, Ungrateful and Inhumane
As thou art. Come then, come to these arms,
Ne're yet stretcht out to thee in vain.
Wilt thou not come, not yet ? thou canst not sure
Deny me now, when all I beg of thee,
Is, that once more thou would'st be happy.
Gram. Why should st thou desire impossibilities ?
Alas ! I never can be happy more.
Elv. If thou *Grammount* can'st ne're be happy more,
Then must I be for ever miserable.
Cruel man, shew yet some small remainder
Of humanity ; be not so rash,
Either accuse, or else acquit me,
But pass not sentence on me e're I'm heard .

Gram. No, fear not too hasty, or too hard
A sentence from my mouth. False as thou art,
I cannot hate, where once I loved so well.
Live then *Elvira*, live long, but live a
Stranger to *Grammont*. And that thou may'st live
Happily, wipe from thy memory the
Dearest passages of some few past years,
And see thou quite forget, there e're was such
A wretch i'th' world as I am.
Elv. Hold, oh hold!
It is too much, alas! insult not poorly
O're my weakness, nor play the wanton
With my grief: Why do'st thou bid me live,
If't must be without *Grammont*?
Why do'st thou wish me happy? when all my happiness
Thou know'st depends upon thy love,
Yet that thou say'st is forfeited, is lost
To me for ever, oh my *Grammont*.
If it be off thou art unkind,
Be not unjust to thy *Elvira*.
For pities sake grant something to the dear
Memory of our mutual Love,
And if thou know'st me false, tell me wherein,
When, or with whom I have offended.
Gram. What satisfaction would it be to thee
Elvira, should I tell thee all: since all
Alas! can be no more, than what thou know'st,
As well at least, if not much better than
My self. In short, I am convinced thou can'st not
Clear thy self; and if so, consider that
A weak defence is worse than none at all.
Tempt me not then to speak, since 'twill but add
To thy Confusion, and my Shame:
But I would willingly spare both, as much
As may be with my honour.
Elv. Confusion,
Shame, Contempt, and everlasting Infamy,
For ever be my Lot, if e're I wronged
Thy Love so much as in one guilty thought.
Oh my *Grammont*, my dear, my Lov'd *Grammont*,
See thy *Elvira* on her tender knees,
From whence she ne're will rise, till she has learnt
The strange and fatal cause of her disgrace.
Gram. Away, this thy affected obstinacy,
Would make me hate thee, were it possible.

Elv.

Elvira, is it not enough that thou haſt
Wrong'd my Honour? but that I my ſelf
Muſt here repeat the ſhameful Tale
Only to gratifie thy wanton curioſity.
Perhaps indeed, I know not half thy brave
Exploits, ſo my imperfect tale may yeild
Thee ſome diverſion: But have a care,
The Cuckold yet bears his misfortune
Patiently enough, make him not then thy ſport,
For if thou do'ſt, by Heaven away, away
Elvira, I would not be provokt, away I ſay,
Whilſt yet I'm Maſter of my growing Paſſion.
Elv. Do what thou wilt, be rude, be cruel,
Be inhuman as thou haſt been, to the Poor
Elvira, yet whilſt ſhe has any ſtrength,
She never will let go this hold, unleſs
Thou firſt communicate the fatal ſecret.
Gram. Away, thou'lt force me to be rude.
Be not ſo ſtrangely obſtinate, alas!
I would be civil, tho I can't be kind.
Elv. Barbarous man! yet ſpeak, what have I done?
Gram. Will nothing elſe content thee? then thus
I throw thee off, and force my way. (*Strives to get from her, and drags her about the Stage.*
Elv. And thus
I cling to thee, cloſe as the tender Ivie
To the ſturdy Elm. Do, do mercileſs
Grammount, do, pull, hale, tear, drag, nay kill me,
Yet I'll not willingly let go: But oh! (*He breaks from her*
His cruel ſtrength prevails.
Gram. Farewell thou moſt importunate of Women.
Elv. Stay, ſtay my *Grammount*, give me but one poor
Minute more, and all is done: Fear not,
I will no longer urge my innocence,
It is enough that thou believeſt me falſe:
Oh, for thy own repoſe, may'ſt thou for ever
Think me ſo. Farewell, methinks I ſee',
My lab'ring ſoul ſtriving, and ſtrug'ling,
With its utmoſt force, to break it's wretched
Priſon, yet ſomething, I know not what, ſtill
Makes reſiſtance and obſtructs its paſſage.
I ſee *Grammount*, thou likeſt not the delay,
I will diſpatch then, and for thy ſake,
Haſten the ſlow approaches of my fate.
Art thou then fled, art thou then gone for ever?

Fare-

Farewel my dear, unkind, *Grammount*, farewell
And when I'm dead, think what the poor *Elvira*
Would have done to have kept thy love, who on
Her own tender breaſt dares thus revenge
The fatal loſs. *(She pulls out a Dagger and ſtabs her ſelf.*
Gram. Hold, hold, *Elvira* hold!
By Heaven 'twas boldly done, and nothing could
Have given ſo ſure a blow but Innocence
It ſelf. Yes my *Elvira*, every drop
Of that dear blood, loudly procliams to all
The world, thy innocence and my ſad guilt.
Oh ye juſt powers above! to what ſtrange fate
Am I at length reſerved! ſee, at thy feet
My dear *Elvira*, the wretched'ſt thing alive,
A thing, unworthy of the name of Man,
A Penitent, who dares not hope for pardon
Either from Heaven or thee, tho both alas!
Are infinitly good, and merciful.

Enter Montigny.

Mont. Where is *Grammount*, where is my deareſt Friend?
Gram. Who is it names *Grammount*, hah! *(Starting up*
Mont. *Elvira* all in blood! Oh Heavens!
I hardly dare believe my Eyes, what wretch
Could have the heart to do ſo Villanous
A deed?
Gram. See here that miſerable wretch,
That bloody Villain thou waſt ſpeaking of.
He was thy friend, oh, if thou ſtill art his,
Do him one friendly office, draw, and ſheath
Thy Sword in this diſloyal Breaſt; ſtrike home
Be ſure, and with one kind obliging blow
At once deliver me, from the too juſt
Reproaches of the world, from this dear, yet
Killing ſpectacle, and from my hated ſelf.
Elv. This wound, believe me, came not from his hand,
Elvira's arm, aſſiſted by diſpair,
Had ſtrength enough to give the fatal blow.
Mont Oh my *Grammount*, oh my dear friend,
What a vaſt Treaſure haſt thou loſt.
Alas! what can I do but pity thee,
Thy crime carries its own puniſhment
Along with it, a puniſhment beyond
What the ſevereſt juſtice can inflict.

Enter

Enter Beaufort

Beauf. Tell me what means this general mourning,
A ſad confuſion ſeems to reign within
Theſe walls, where e're I go I meet with deep
Deſpair, and if I chance to ask the cauſe,
I'm anſwered only with a ſigh, ſome tears,
And a diſtracted ghaſtly look, and that
Is all th' intelligence I can get.
Gram. Here be informed then, oh ſee here a Sight,
Will ſhake thy generous ſoul with horror :
A Sight, will make even thee look pale,
And tremble, tho' long ennured to ſlaughter,
And brought up in blood. Nay, ſtart not Sir,
It is *Elvira* welt'ring in her gore,
Elvira fal'n by her own hand,
But murdered by *Grammount*.

Enter Leonora.

Leon. Never did ſo much joy, as here I bring
Spring from ſo ſad a cauſe.
Beauf. Hah ! who's that unſeaſonably mentions joy
Here in this place of everlaſting Woe.
Leon. Oh heavens ! are all my deareſt hopes thus daſht ?
Oh Madam, who has done this bloody deed ?
Elv. 'Twas I, 'twas I my ſelf, my dear, weep not
For me, but rather go, and comfort
If thou canſt the poor *Grammount*.
Leon. Oh *Grammount* !
Unfortunate *Grammount*, moſt groſly haſt
Thou been impoſed on, ſtrangely abuſed
By that prodigious Monſter *Dampierre*.
Know then, that Letter, thought directed
By *Elvira* to *Montigny*,
And ſent, at that dead guilty time of night,
Was but a trick, a meer device, the whole,
Only a ſcene contrived by *Dampierre*,
Acted by *Lyſette*.
This truth, from her own mouth I juſt now learnt,
And ſhe confirmed it with her lateſt breath.
For ſhe is dead, poyſoned by *Dampierre*.
This confeſſion was to me, I muſt confeſs,
Moſt welcome, and welcome ſure it would have been

To all, had it been made but ſome few minutes
Sooner.

Gram. Gods! what has this miſerable Caitif done.
To draw down all your anger on his head?
What horrid crimes before had ſtained his Soul
That you ſhould thus, all at one fatal blow,
Oppreſs the wretch with your ſevereſt Judgments?
Oh, that ſome Mountain now would fall on me,
And in its dreadful ruines hide my head.
But hark methinks the Gods grow loud; hark, how
Their awful thunder grumbles in the Sky,
See how the fiery balls fly whizzing by!
Dealing amazement, and deſtruction all a round.
Ha, ha, ha, ha.
See yon old miſer, laden with ſwelling bags
Of ill-got Gold, with how much awkar'd haſte,
He limps away to ſhelter: ſee how he ducks,
And dives, and dodges with the Gods, and all
Only in hope t' avoid, for ſome few daies
Perhaps, the juſt reward of his accurſed extortion.
The hot Adulterer now, all chill and impotent
With fear, leaps from the polluted bed,
And crams himſelf into a cranny,
Thoſe mighty men of blood, who make a Trade
Of murder, forget their wonted fierceneſs:
Outnois'd they ſhrink aſide, and ſhake for fear
O'th' louder threatnings of the angry Gods.
Whilſt I, I only, tho' the wickedeſt wretch of all,
With an erected countenance ſtand to't,
Courting thoſe dangers others ſeek to avoid.
And yet there's not one dart one ball for me,
Tho I, Heaven knows, deſerve 'em all. Oh —

Elv. Let not the knowledge of my innocence,
My dear *Grammont*, add to thy grief,
Rather believe me guilty ſtill, alas!
Thy generous eaſy nature was abuſed,
Impoſed on by a Brothers wicked arts.
Thou ſtill art innocent, and ſo am I,
Who freely can forgive thy greateſt faults.
Come then *Grammont*, come to thy *Elvira*,
And with a kiſs, a cold and dying kiſs,
I'll ſeal thy pardon.

Gram. My dear *Elvira*, this thy prodigious
Goodneſs, does but encreaſe my miſery.
Yet I will come, yes my *Elvira*,

(He throws himſelf on the ground.

With

With a down dejected countenance,
Not daring to look up, but creeping thus,
And crawling on the earth, I do approach
Thy feet, here, ſpurn the vile thing, tread, trample
The miſerable inſect into nothing.
Elv. Oh my *Grammount*, yield not too much to grief.
It is a fatal, tho a ſlow diſeaſe.
Gram. I thank thee, dear *Elvira*, for that hint.
Now thou art kind, and giv'ſt me good advice.
Whoever would endure an age of pain,
When one ſuch blow as this, might give him preſent eaſe? (*Stabs himſelf.*
Beauf. Hold, oh hold *Grammount*.
Leon. Oh heavens what has he done?
Mont. Too much alas! altho' no more than what
I apprehended from his juſt deſpair.
Gram. Help me, my friend, and place me near that Saint
So, now 'tis pretty well, pardon me my dear
Elvira, that ſo long I have defer'd
This piece of Juſtice, or rather pardon me,
That at laſt I durſt preſume to mingle
My polluted blood, with thoſe pure ſtreams of thine.
Elv. Oh my *Grammount*!
My Love can pardon thee any thing,
Yet 'twas unkind, to give me thus
A ſecond wound, a wound more grievous
To the poor *Elvira*, than the firſt
Which gave her death.
Elv. Where, where art thou my *Grammount*
A riſing miſt has on a ſudden ſnatched
Thee from my ſight, alas! I faint, I dye,
Death ſeizes now on every part, and my
Affrighted Soul ſits hovering on my pale
And trembling lips, juſt ready to begin
Its flight.
Gram. Oh ſtay, *Elvira*, for thy dear *Grammount*,
Stay yet, but one poor minute, then,
As we have long liv'd and lov'd,
So let us ſtill Love, and lanch together
Into a vaſt eternity, where we may Love
For ever.
Elv. Oh no, imperious death commands
And I muſt needs obey. But do thou live,
Live yet, if it be poſſible, and Love
The memory of the poor *Elvira*,
Farewel---Farewel---my dear *Grammount*---For ever (*She dies.*

Gram. She's gone, and all my comfort is, that I
Shall quickly follow her. Yes, this ſight wounds
Deeper than the ſharpeſt dagger. And yet
How many Charms remain Unconquer'd ſtill,
As Beauty lies Triumphant over Fate,
And ſeems to flouriſh in the arms of death.
Oh let me ſteal one parting kiſs, at leaſt,
From thoſe cold lips.
But e're I go, my Friend
On thee I here beſtow all I have left
Of value in the world, this weeping Maid.
Mont. If the fair *Leonora* will confirm
The gift, I ſhall be but too happy.
Oh, my *Grammount* I beg thee to believe
Since Fate deprives me of my deareſt Friend,
Nought but ſo rich a preſent from his hand
Could bribe me to ſurvive ſo ſenſible a loſs.
Gram. Here take her then.
Beauf. And with her all my wealth,
Gram. The poor *Grammount* can only thank you Sir
Come *Leonora*——
Leon. For Heavens ſake——
Gram. This modeſty's unſeaſonable now.
Deny me not the ſatisfaction
To ſee thee e're I die ſo well beſtowed,
Give me thy hand. Take her *Montigny.*
And may this faithful Wife abundantly
Supply the want of an Unfortunate
But real Friend——
Farewel! a long farewel to all. Hark, hark
Methinks I hear *Elvira* call. I come,
I come *Elvira*, my aſpiring Soul
Begins to mount, not to o'retake, but at
An awful diſtance to attend and wait
On thine above, in thoſe bleſt Regions
Of eternal peace. [*He dies*
Beauf. Fate now has done its worſt, and from me torn
All the delight and comfort of my age.
Who waits there? hah! *Enter Servants at one door*, Damp. *at the other.*

But ſee, juſt Heaven has ſent him to receive
The due reward of all his crimes. Seize,
Seize on that Villain *Dampierre* inſtantly. (*they ſeize him.*
Damp. What means this rudeneſs, hah!
Beauf. Look there, *Grammount* is dead, *Elvira*'s dead,

And

And all this miſchief is but the effect
Of thy black helliſh arts.
Damp. Why, if they are dead,
Let 'em be buried: What is't to me?
They might have longer lived, or ſooner died
For ought I know, who is it dares blame me?
Leon. I, tho thy Siſter, muſt accuſe thee wretch
Think, think on *Lyſette*, poyſoned by thee,
She with her lateſt breath diſcovered all
Thy arts.
Damp. Then my *Italian* was a Raſcal,
Away, thou art a Girl, and ſhould'ſt be whipt
For prating.
Leon. Ah! was't not enough, that in the Foreſt
Thou on *Eloi a*'s honour madeſt a baſe
Atte npt, but to reward her go dneſs
In conce ling thy black crime,
Thou muſt Conſpire her death too?
Beauf. H ah! how's that, can that be true?
Mont. Mo ſt true, believe me Sir, and had not I,
Direct-d by her cries, come in by chance,
The V.llain had accompliſht his deſign.
Beauf. Heavens! is it poſſible?
Damp. Yes, employ'd by thee,
I would have been thy taſter *Beaufort*.
I would have wanton'd with her, ſtroked, and tamed
The vertuous fool, then brought her gentle,
To thy longing arms.
Do'ſt thou not Love me for't? yes in thy heart
I know thou do'ſt, for who but I, would e're
Have taken ſo much pains to ſerve thy Luſt?
Beauf. Juſtly thou do'ſt reproach me *Dampierre*
We are both Villains, and on both I will
My ſelf ſee ſpeedy Juſtice done. Thou who
In ſpite of all my caution, haſt yet dipt
Thy hands in blood, ſhalt ſuffer death with the
Moſt cruel tortures our ſevereſt Laws
Inflict on murderers. As for my ſelf,
Here I renounce the world, and all it's joys,
Reſolved henceforth in ſome Remote
And Unfrequented Hermitage to ſpend
The ſmall remainder of my wretched days
At Nature's charge: Where the cold clammy earth
Shall be my bed: homely, but wholeſome roots
My daily food, and water from the

Neareſt Spring my only drink. There on my
Bended knees I'll try to appeaſe the anger
Of offended Heaven, and with repeated
Earneſt vows ſolicit pardon for all my faults.

Damp Ha ha ha!

Beauf. Canſt thou laugh wretch?

Damp. Yes heartily, at thee and thy pretended penance.

Beauf. Away with him, and load him well with Irons.

Damp. Do thy worſt old man, I fear not thee, nor death.

(Damp. *is led out*

Beauf. Now there is little left for me to do,
But to diſcharge my duty to the dead.
In ſad and ſolemn pomp I will attend
Them to the earth, and give them both one grave.
There, when in peace their dear lov d Aſhes lie,
From Treacherous eaſe, from all vain joys i'll fly,
And tho I live, yet to the world i'll dye.

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